The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 42. Vol. VII. MARCH, 1895. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April, *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that within the last few days Mr. Theodore Watts has definitely abandoned his long cherised plan of writing the life of his friend Dante Rossetti. This announcement will be received with general regret.

It has been ascertained that Miss Christina Rossetti has left no manuscripts behind her, nor has she retained letters written to her. She was evidently in the habit of destroying them when read. Among her books have been found a good many copies of a very scarce little pamphlet containing a poem by her sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti. It was thought that only two or three copies of this booklet, which was issued at the same time as Christina Rossetti's privately printed verses, were in existence.

We understand that Mr. W. M. Rossetti has decided to present the portrait of Christina Rossetti by Dante Rossetti to the National Portrait Gallery. The circulation of Miss Rossetti's poems is greater than ever.

Messrs. Blackwood are pushing on with the preparations for their new series of Histories of the Counties of Scotland. The counties are to be arranged in groups and treated collectively. We believe that Sir Herbert Maxwell is already well forward with the volume on Galloway, whilst Sheriff Mackay will also be early in the field with Fife and Kinross. Sir George Douglas, author of the New Border Tales, will write on the Border Counties.

Mr. R. H. Sherard is writing an authorised Life of Madame Sara Bernhardt. By his lives of Zola and Daudet, Mr. Sherard has already proved himself a successful biographer, and the work on which he is now engaged in Paris promises to be exceptionally interesting. It may not be generally known that Mr. Sherard is a great-grandson of William Wordsworth.

We hear that one of the features in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new magazine will be a serial story by Mr. Bret Harte.

Yet another illustrated monthly magazine is in preparation. The proprietors of *Answers* expect to publish the first number of the *London Magazine* at an early date. From what we hear, it will not publish serials, but each number will be complete in itself, as is the case with the *Strand* and the *English Illustrated.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is writing some new Beast stories which, together with those recently published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget*, will go to make a second 'Jungle Book.' This should be ready for publication next autumn. By the bye, we hear on the best authority that no less than 8,000 copies of *the* 'Jungle Book' were sold in this country alone during the five or six weeks immediately preceding Christmas.

The volume of collected 'Tales Relative to the Ancient Province of Galloway,' which Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster are publishing for Mr. Crockett, contains many of the best and most characteristic stories the author ever wrote. It is divided into books, and comprises adventure tales, idylls, histories, tragedies, humours, tales of the Kirk, and an epilogue 'In Praise of Galloway.' The book is expected with much interest, seeing that it is the first collection of tales by Mr. Crockett which has appeared since that writer's 'Stickit Minister,' which is now going into its tenth edition, though it has only been published about twenty months. The book is being beautifully printed by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, under the care of Mr. Walter Blaikie, and will be printed on light paper. It will extend to about 500 pages. The stories are dated from 1889 to 1894, and will be thoroughly characteristic of all sides of the author's talent.

We have the best reasons for stating that Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, 'A Monk of Fife,' will reveal an entirely new phase of the writer's powers. The opening chapters in the *Monthly Packet* are full of vigour and historical imagination, and may well make some of our younger romanticists look to their laurels. Mr. Lang has chosen the period concerned with Joan of Arc; a period which he has made particularly his own. The opening of the story is powerful and original, and the demon monk Noirofle, both historical and dramatic.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's Japanese novel, which Messrs. A. and C. Black are producing, contains an indignant indictment of the laws with regard to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and is likely to produce a very considerable amount of discussion. Mr. Sladen has utilised his intimate knowledge of Japanese life and Japanese nature as a background for his picture.

Mr. Weekes writes to say that our information regarding him, given in our February number, was incorrect in several particulars. He is not Mr. John Eglinton, the author of 'The Remnant'; nor is he the publisher of that book; nor is he a mystic in any sense in which he understands that name. We are sorry we were misinformed, and that we gave publicity to the incorrect statements.

A great many critical comments on Young Authors' MSS. are in type, but it has been found impossible to include them in this number.

Mr. George Gissing's new novel, 'Eve's Ransom,' will, on its completion in the *Illustrated London News*, where it is running serially, be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is, we understand, engaged in writing a new Tale of a Mean Street. It will be a longer and more important piece of work than any of the stories appearing in the recently published collection.

Mr. James Payn is somewhat better than he was some months ago, and is so far recovered that he is able to be engaged in arranging a new series of romantic novels by prominent authors for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. Mr. Payn is still unable to write with ink, but his handwriting with the indelible pencil he uses is certainly stronger than it was last year. One of the last letters written by the late Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had reference to the sorrow he felt at Mr. Payn's precarious state of health. Mr. Payn may comfort himself that he is held in the affection of his fellow-craftsmen beyond almost any other man.

Miss Lee, of Lady Margaret Hall, is editing an important collection of Elizabethan ballads, which have never been published before. The volume containing these ballads is in Lord Macclesfield's library at Shirburn Castle. It is written in a good hand, Elizabethan in character, and the collection was probably made about the year 1616. Many of the ballads are not to be found elsewhere, and others are only to be met with in sixteenth century broadsheets.

Mr. John Corbin, of Balliol College, has just completed a monograph on "Hamlet," which is to be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The full title of Mr. Corbin's book will be 'The Elizabethan Hamlet: a study of the sources, and of Shakespere's environment, to show that the mad scenes had a comic aspect now ignored.' Mr. York Powell has written "a prefatory note" to the essay. The view of the play upheld by Mr. Corbin is, we believe, unknown to Shakesperean critics on this side of the Atlantic; it has, however, won for itself many adherents in the United States.

Mr. Evelyn Abbott is engaged upon a biography of the late Master of Balliol.

Mr. Abbott has recently arranged for some important additions to the "Heroes of the Nations" series, which he is editing for Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. S. R. Crockett was entertained at dinner by the Authors' Club on Monday, February 11th. Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., presided, and amongst others present were Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Crawford said that he opened 'The Raiders' with some prejudice, but he soon came across a sentence which at once caught him and conquered him. It seemed to breathe the very spirit and essence of true romance. The narrator is speaking of the raiders and their midnight expedition "The sound of their stirrup irons and bridled reins came to my ears jingling clear under the light of the moon of May." When he finished the book he saw clearly that a new light had dawned on our literature, a new writer risen who held in his hand the great magic weapons of literary art—wit, humour and pathos, and above all that strong and sympathetic grip of the facts of human life without which these great gifts are vain and of no account.

Mr. Crockett in his reply spoke of the Galloway dialect. He said he did not think it was a dialect. It was pure old English, closer to the English of Chaucer than even the most powerful and distinguished English of Fleet Street. He said: "I have been asked a great many times since I came whether I mean to remain in London. Well, I think that I know better. I know that anything I have in me might be lost if I strayed too far from my native heather."

It is, we believe, an open secret that the lady to whom Mr. William Heinemann's little play, produced at the Independent Theatre and now published in book form, is dedicated, is Miss Elizabeth Robins of Ibsen fame.

Miss Mary Gaunt, whose novel, 'Dave's Sweetheart,' was so well received, has ready a novel dealing with Australian life, entitled 'The Other Man.'

The personal and critical sketches signed "N. O. B.," which have attracted much attention lately in the *Echo* "Portrait Gallery," are, we hear, the work of Mr. F. G. Bettany, of Magdalen College, Oxford.

We hear much about the sales of the 'Manxman' "beating the record," at any rate for recent years, and the publisher's advertisements have assumed the form of the semi-annual balance sheet of a joint stock bank with its duly signed accountant's certificates. Nobody, however, seems to recall the fact that it is not so long ago since Mr. Haggard's 'She' took the world by storm. We think we are correct in saying that of that book Messrs. Longmans sold 60,000 copies in five months, and they were all six-shilling copies. The sale is now well over 100,000 copies.

Major Wingate, R.A., D.S.O., who edited Father Ohrwalder's experiences, and published them some little time ago under the title of 'Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp,' is about to do the same for the adventures of Father Rossignoli, another member of the Austrian mission who has recently escaped from the clutches of the Khalifa Abdullah.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial, shortly to commence publication in the *Idler*, has been pronounced by two or

three most competent judges and editors to be the best story for serial purposes which has been written for four or five years.

The Manchester Literary Club have formed a committee to arrange for the publication of the poems of their President, Mr. George Milner, author of 'Country Pleasures,' and 'Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran.' Mr. Milner has written many charming verses during his life; and, though often pressed to collect them, he has never been able to overtake the work. The club of which he has so long been President regards their collection and publication as very advisable, and is to take all labour of publication, save that of the necessary author's revision, off Mr. Milner's hands. It is certainly not often that poetry is published on these terms, and with so much reluctance. There is the promise of an interesting volume in the proposal.

A really satisfactory edition of Poe is in course of publication by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago. The editors, Mr. E. C. Stedman and Mr. G. E. Woodberry, have revised the entire writings, and they believe that the results they have arrived at give the works as Poe would have desired them to appear. The volumes are excellent specimens of printing, and the portraits and pictures are artistically reproduced.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new book, 'The Ralstons,' contains what is looked upon by his friends as a portrait of the author drawn by his own hand. It is well worth reproducing:

"Outwardly he was a man of letters who had met with considerable success in his career—about as much as justifies good-natured people in making a lion of an author or an artist, but no more. He had written many books, and had learned his business in the bitter struggles which attend the commencement of an average literary man's life, when the fight for bare existence forces the slender talent to bear burdens too heavy for its narrow shoulders along paths not easy to tread for those most sure of foot.

"He had some valuable gifts, however, which had stood him in good stead. He possessed almost incredible physical strength in certain ways, without the heavy, sanguine temperament which requires regular exercise and perpetual nourishment. His endurance was beyond all comparison greater than that of men usually considered very strong, and he had been able to bear the strain of excessive labour which would have killed or paralyzed most people. That was one of the secrets of his success.

"Secondly, he had acquired an unusual mechanical facility in the handling of language and the arrangement of the matter he produced, so as to give it the most favourable appearance possible. His imagination was not abundant, but he did the best he could with it under all circumstances, and answered all critics with the unassailable statement that he wrote for a living, and did the best he could, and sincerely regretted that he was not Walter Scott, nor Goethe, nor Thackeray, nor any of the great ones. That was his misfortune and not his fault. People flattered him, he said, by telling him that he could do better if he tried. It was not true. He could not do better."

The Rev. D. O. Hunter Blair, of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, writes to us *a propos* of Mr. Hay Fleming's last article on Mary Queen of Scots:—

"Mr. Hay Fleming, in his contribution to the February issue of THE BOOKMAN on the murder of Darnley, takes Father Stevenson somewhat severely to task for stating that Elizabeth, in sending the Earl of Bedford as her representative to the christening of Prince James, 'little cared to make his visit acceptable to the Queen of Scots.' Mr. Fleming leaves it to be inferred that Bedford, with some of the Scottish Protestant lords, stood outside the chapel during the ceremony merely to satisfy his own religious scruples. But surely it is hardly fair to ignore the circumstantial statement contained in the anonymous (and probably almost contemporary) Life of Mary discovered by Father Stevenson in the British Museum (MS. Cott. Calig. B. iv., fol. 149), according to which Bedford, before leaving Berwick on his way to Edinburgh, 'assembled his whole train to declare three points that he had in commission from the Queen to say unto them;' the first being 'that none should be present at the christening, if the Queen of Scotland persisted in her wilful determination to have the prince baptized with papistical ceremonies.'

In the face of this statement, it is difficult to see how Mr. Fleming can devote a paragraph, as he does, to maintaining that Elizabeth, in her choice of an Ambassador, was actuated by none but the friendliest sentiments towards her royal cousin."

Mr. Hay Fleming sends the following reply to the criticism of Mr. Hunter Blair:—

"Though utterly devoid of any desire to champion Elizabeth, I deemed it only fair to point out, in passing, that Father Stevenson had unjustly assailed her. Yet I am charged with devoting a paragraph in maintaining that, in her choice of an Ambassador, she 'was actuated by none but the friendliest sentiments towards her royal cousin.' From four of Father Stevenson's consecutive sentences, three perversions of fact were culled and pilloried. These perversions concern (1) Elizabeth's motive in sending Bedford as Ambassador; (2) her instructions regarding the ratification of the Treaty of Leith; and (3) her selection of the Countess of Argyll as her proxy in the baptismal office. Mr. Blair is evidently afraid to defend these perversions; but, instead, he goes back to my previous paragraph, and pounces on a statement as defective—the statement that Huntly, Murray, Bothwell and Bedford stood outside the chapel, 'becaus it was done against the poyntis of thair religioun.' This statement was taken from the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' which Hosack characterises as 'a contemporary chronicle of great credit.' Mr. Blair says that I ought not to have ignored the statement in the anonymous Life of Mary which he quotes. That statement was ignored for various reasons.

(1) It is quite impossible, in such brief articles, to exhaustively treat any of the points discussed. In the paper complained of, a quotation controverting Father Stevenson's opinion, and several others, had to be struck out to save space.

(2) I am not disposed to attach much value to the anonymous Life of Mary; and, on the point in question, it is

not quite consistent with Bedford's official instructions—'As for the behaviour at this christening, you shall govern yourself so as shall be most for our honour, and pleasure of our good sister; and to avoid such things as be against your conscience, and contrary to the religion we profess, it is best to imitate the example of Moray and the other lords of the same religion, for which they have the permission of that Queen.'

(3) In the passage with which I was dealing, Father Stevenson says nothing about Bedford standing outside the chapel-door, nor about Elizabeth's instructions to that effect; and only refers to the anonymous Life of Mary in proof of the stringency with which her alleged orders as to the treatment of Darnley were carried out by Bedford and his retinue.

It is to be regretted that such an industrious worker as Father Stevenson should have sullied his reputation by condescending to perversion; but it is only natural, perhaps, that the translator of Bellesheim should attempt to shield him. Since Mr. Blair wrote, Father Stevenson has died—strangely enough on the anniversary of Mary's execution. The veteran's death will be lamented by many historical students."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JANUARY 21 TO FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

The four weeks indicated above have not been equal to the corresponding period of the previous year. The school trade, for some reason or other, has shown a slight decrease, and the demand for general literature suffered in the stoppage of business consequent on the severity of the weather. Foreign and colonial trade continues steady, with improved demands from India.

There is little alteration to report in the character of school books, but complaint is general that they are too low-priced. For instance, a single book of a classical writer is now issued, where formerly it would have been necessary to purchase the complete work. This may be an advantage to the scholar, but the reverse to the bookseller who reaps no compensating advantage. Many of the elementary school publications too are issued at very small prices, but here the quantities in which they are usually ordered make some amends.

The leading school books are precisely the same as those named in March, 1894. They are as follows:—

History, Meiklejohn.
Geography ,,
Grammar ,,
Algebra, Hamblin Smith.
Arithmetic ,,
Euclid, Todhunter.
French, Chardenal's Courses.
Latin, Dr. W. Smith's Courses.
Greek, ,, ,,
German, Otto.

A prominent feature of the trade just now is the sale of Albums of Views, reproduced from photographs. They are issued in oblong folio form, and usually at sixpence each. All have been freely enquired for, and one of the most popular and beautiful is 'The Descriptive Album of London.' It is certain that tens of thousands must be sold to enable this class of work to be produced at the price. The severe frost has caused a considerable enquiry for works on skating. Owing to the uncertainty of our climate, it is not safe to print very large editions of the books. If there is a probability of much skating, the edition is soon sold out, and it has been noticed that the reprint and the thaw arrive as a rule simultaneously. This year (fortunately for the publishers) there has been an exception.

Among fashion magazines the publication of Mrs. Weldon's threepenny and penny journals and the *Practical Family Dressmaker* appears to be seriously curtailing the sales of the older and higher-priced periodicals of this class. The eagerness shown each month to obtain the new number is a source of sore trial to the country bookseller, unless he is in receipt of a *daily* parcel. By the way, what would the bookseller of fifty years since, with his *monthly* parcel, think of this?

The *Windsor Magazine* and the *Minster* have already shown their *raison d'être*, by the demand for the February issues. The *Strand Magazine* and *Woman at Home* are as popular as ever, having each found a public of its own, without noticeably affecting the sale of the older established family magazines. *Chambers' Journal* retains all the vigour of youth, while its character remains unaltered. It looks as if it may be well in some instances to disregard the popular taste for literature that is easily read. Miss Braddon's novels in the two-shilling "yellow-back" style are still in as great favour as ever, judging by the orders in hand for the cheap issue of 'Thou art the Man,' which is to appear on the 19th.

Appended is a list of the more popular books at the time of writing:—

Trail of the Sword (The). By G. Parker. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Lilac Sunbonnet (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Kitty Alone. By S. Baring Gould. 6s.
Blameless Woman (A). By John Strange Winter. 6s.
Second Mrs. Tanqueray (The). By A. W. Pinero. 5s.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Treasure Island (The). By R. L. Stevenson. 3s. 6d.
Great God Pan, etc. (The). By A. Machen. 3s. 6d. net.
Castle Rackrent, etc. By Miss Edgeworth. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Voice, Speech, and Gesture. By H. Campbell. 7s. 6d.
Studies in Theology. By J. Denney. 5s.
Memoir of Dr. Harold Browne. £1 12s.
Memoir of Sir Bartle Frere. £1 12s.
Story of the London Missionary Society (The). By C. S. Horne. 2s. 6d.
Great War with Russia (The). By W. H. Russell. 5s.
Short Constitutional History of England. By H. S. C. Feilden. 6s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Jan. 26, 1895.—A fair week on the whole, slightly improving at the end. Colonial and Foreign trade unchanged.

Feb. 2 ,, —Opened better and continued fair throughout, but still leaving much to be desired. Colonial and Foreign a little better. Indian looking up.

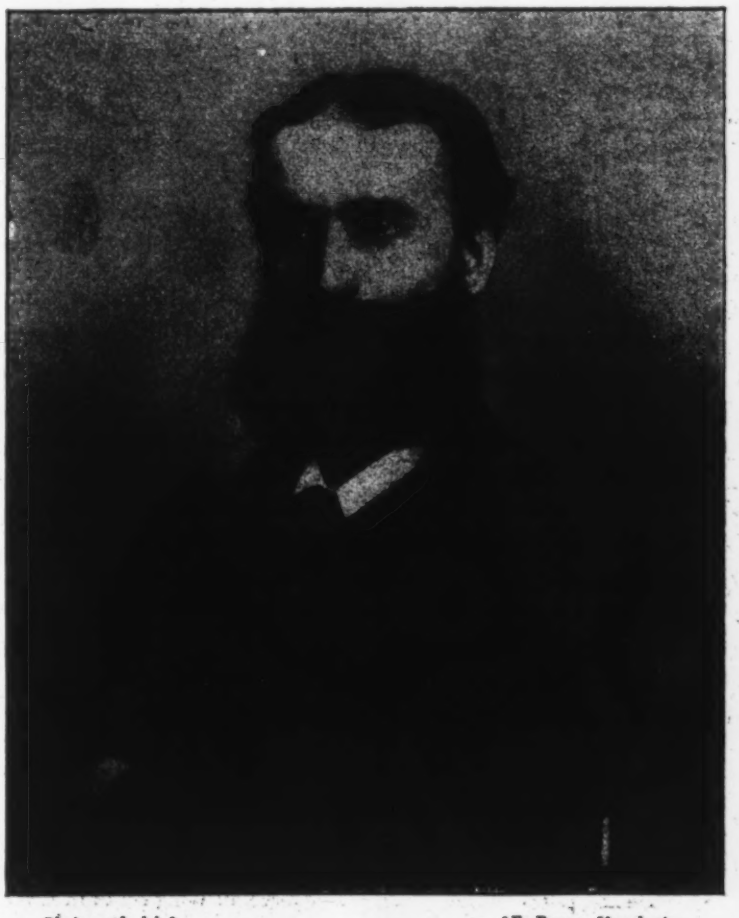
,, 9 ,, —Commenced well and continued so throughout. Colonial and Foreign steadier.

,, 16 ,, —A considerable falling off from the previous week, the school trade being practically finished. Foreign and Colonial slightly improving, but without any distinguishing feature.

THE READER.

THE *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.*

THE first number of the *Guardian* appeared on Saturday, May 5th, 1821. Liberal and Tory journals already existed in the town, but they were inefficient, and the Radical party had begun to feel the want of a competent and intelligent organ. Local records enable us to realise how small a place Manchester was when the new paper started upon its career. The main thoroughfare, now called Market-street, and near to which stand the handsome buildings occupied by the staff of the *Guardian*, was then only a lane, so narrow in places that a man had been recently crushed to death between the wall and a carrier's cart coming in from the country; and at the top of King-street, where the first Town Hall was subsequently built, and where Manchester's fine Reference Library is now located, a colony of rooks were establishing themselves. A copy of this first issue lies before us. It is a small weekly sheet of four pages, printed and published by J. Garnett, at 29, Market-street. Its price was sevenpence.



Photographed by] [*F. Baum, Manchester.*

MR. C. P. SCOTT (EDITOR OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN").

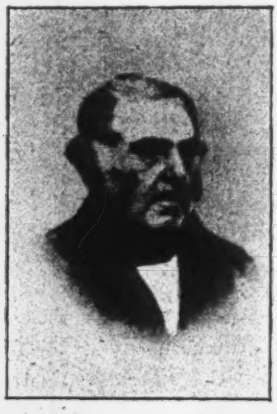
Even in this first number, it is not difficult to see the hand of a strong and clear-headed man. That man was John Edward Taylor, the first editor and proprietor. Mr. Taylor was born in Somersetshire, but came to Manchester in early life. His father had been originally a minister of an English Presbyterian Church, but subsequently joined the Society of Friends; and, leaving the ministry, opened a classical academy in Manchester. The young man's regular education ceased at a very early age, but his father's careful training had already made him something of a scholar. It was intended that he should enter the medical profession, but he was ultimately apprenticed to a manufacturer. Before his apprenticeship expired he had become a partner. His bent, however, lay in the direction of literature and public work. At the age of nineteen he was acting as secretary of the Lancasterian school in Manchester—a seminary where the poorest children of the town were educated without charge. In 1818 he was a candidate for the post of assessor in the borough of Salford, and being already known as a Radical reformer, exception was taken to his appointment by a Mr. Greenwood, who charged him with being the author of a certain seditious handbill which it was said had caused the Manchester Exchange to be set on fire. Failing to obtain the retractation of this charge he wrote a letter to his traducer in which he stigmatised him as a "liar, a slanderer, and a scoundrel." This resulted, of course, in an action-at-law. The case was tried at Lancaster, and Mr. Taylor defended himself with great ability and boldness, and with success, though he had against him the most eminent barrister on the circuit, the well-known "Lawyer Scarlett," as Cobbett always called him, who afterwards became Lord Abinger. The trial ended in a verdict of "Not Guilty." This was the turning point in the young man's life, and may also be said to have brought about the establishment of the *Manchester Guardian*. His friends were much impressed by the manner in which he acquitted himself in court, and on their return journey to Manchester one of them (John Childs, of Bungay) said to him: "It is now plain you have the elements of public work in you; why don't you set up a newspaper?" Mr. Taylor determined, at any rate, to give up manufacturing. He first thought of the law as a profession, but his friend's suggestion worked in his mind, and fortunately he decided for the "newspaper" rather than the Inns of Court. The time was one of great ferment. The trial of which we have spoken took place in March, 1819, and in the August of the same year there occurred in Manchester that Peterloo Massacre, as it has always been called, which drew from Shelley his 'Masque of Anarchy,' the second stanza of which is:

> "I met Murder on the way—
> He had a mask like Castlereagh—
> Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
> Seven bloodhounds followed him."

Mr. Taylor was present at the Massacre; and, as the *Times* reporter had been arrested, he and Archibald Prentice sent reports to two papers. Prentice said: "Our

narratives appeared in print on the following day, and, bearing greater internal evidence of truth, they received credence in preference to the accounts sent to Government and the Government press, and raised a strong feeling of indignation, which was deepened in intensity and spread to all parts of the kingdom when the reporter of the *Times*, rescued from durance, corroborated all our statements, and added details of still greater atrocity than those which we had described."

It will easily be seen how all this was leading up to the founding of the newspaper. The political reformers wanted a more vigorous organ than that which they already possessed, and everything marked out John Edward Taylor as the man who would adequately conduct the



JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, FOUNDER OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

desired journal. Twelve gentlemen subscribed £100 each; and, with this capital of £1,200, Mr. Taylor was requested to take upon himself the responsibility of publishing the paper, upon the liberal, and at the same time equitable understanding that, if the venture succeeded, he should repay the subscribers out of his profits, but that if it was a failure the advanced capital should not be regarded as a debt. The prospectus of the new paper was drawn with admirable lucidity and boldness, and yet not without some caution. The principles of civil and religious liberty, it was said, would be enforced in the most comprehensive sense of those terms, the cause of reform and the just principles of political economy would be warmly advocated, and support would be given to whatever measures might, according to the unbiassed judgment of the conductors, tend to promote the moral advantage or the political welfare of the community, without reference to the party from which such measures emanated. Mr. Taylor was his own editor, and he was fortunate in securing as his chief reporter Mr. Jeremiah Garnett. From the first the *Guardian* went far ahead of its local competitors in style and completeness, and though its progress was slow—even after three or four years its circulation did not exceed 2,200 weekly—it went steadily forward year by year, until it became one of the most valuable newspaper properties out of London. Thus, to use the words of Archibald Prentice, an early writer on the *Guardian*, and subsequently editor of the *Manchester Times*, Mr. Taylor "drew, from a concurrence of most fortunate circumstances one of the most splendid prizes, regarded in a pecuniary point of view, ever drawn in the lottery of newspaper speculation, gaining by boldness, while the enthusiasm of youth remained, and retaining by cautiousness when more mature years taught prudence and circumspection."

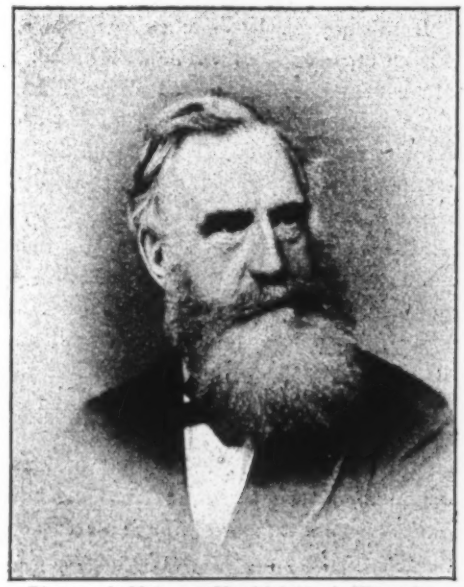
In 1836 the *Guardian* became a bi-weekly. In 1844 Mr. John Edward Taylor died at the age of fifty-two, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. Russell Scott Taylor, who had been carefully educated at Manchester New College. He was only eighteen years of age when he assumed the editorial chair, and was probably the youngest man who had ever taken command of a great commercial paper. The new editor was much esteemed in Manchester for his amiability, no less than for his intellectual acquirements. It is said that notwithstanding his engrossing engagements he found time for teaching in one of the Sunday schools of the town. Unfortunately his promising career was cut short. He died in 1848 at the early age of twenty-three, and was succeeded by Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, who by that time had become one of the proprietors. In 1855 the *Guardian* first made its appearance as a daily morning paper. In 1861 Mr. Garnett retired, and was succeeded by Mr. J. E. Taylor the younger, a son of the founder. In 1872 Mr. Taylor's place was taken by his cousin, Mr. Charles Prestwich Scott, who is the present editor. Mr. Scott graduated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and after spending a short time at the *Scotsman* Office, Edinburgh, came to Manchester, and almost immediately assumed control of the *Guardian*. Like his predecessors, he has always taken a lively interest in educational questions, and is a member of the governing bodies of Owens College, the Grammar School, and the Hulme Trust. He devotes much time to the study of social questions, and especially to those which bear upon the condition of the labouring classes. He has three times contested the North-east Division of Manchester in the Liberal interest, and is at present the selected candidate for the Division of Leigh, Lancashire. Mr. Scott is supported by a large and able staff.

In politics the *Guardian* has had its three ages. It began as a Radical Reformer, but always, perhaps, with a spice of caution. It developed slowly into Whiggism, especially under Jeremiah Garnett, and was probably at one time the most powerful Whig organ in England. Under the editorship of Mr. C. P. Scott its Radicalism is more pronounced than ever, yet it is not without an academical and philosophic strain.

In considering the general character of the *Guardian* one must not overlook the special excellence of two of its departments—the London correspondence and the reviews of books. Of the way in which the first is made to complete the essential news of the day we have already spoken. If we remember rightly, this correspondence was at one time supplied by Albany Fonblanque, and subsequently by Tom Taylor. It is now the work of several hands, each conspicuously competent in his own department, and is made up in the London office. Of the reviewing it may be fairly said that it is not inferior to anything of the kind done either in London or out of it. It may sometimes, perhaps, be chargeable with frigidity, but on the other hand it is sound, if reserved, and there are no feeble hysterics, such

as frequently disfigure the reviewing in some of the metropolitan papers. It is understood that the system adopted is that of securing, as far as possible, the services of a specialist for every book which possesses even a moderate degree of importance. That this system is carried out with great thoroughness will be admitted when we say that the work of reviewing is frequently committed to the hands of men of the stamp of the late Richard Jefferies, George Saintsbury, and F. York Powell, the successor of Froude and Freeman as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. It may be added that Jefferies and Freeman frequently contributed articles to the *Guardian*, as well as reviews.

The one principle, therefore, apparent in the whole management of the *Guardian* is this—to have the best work that can be got, and to pay the best price for it. The commercial success of the paper has made this possible. If a good man was to be found the *Guardian* would have him whatever his price might be. In this way the services of many of the finest *littérateurs* in England have been secured, and at the same time local men of mark have always been welcome in its columns. Of these last it may be sufficient to mention, by way of illustration, John Harland



Photographed by] [*Mandel & Jacob, Wiesbaden.*

MR. J. E. TAYLOR, CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

the antiquary, who was a frequent contributor, and who also for many years had charge of the reporting staff; Henry Dunckley (Verax) who, since the extinction of the *Examiner and Times*, has contributed, at least once a week, an article of special weight; Samuel Bamford, the author of 'Passages in the Life of a Radical;' Edwin Waugh, Benjamin Brierley, and Alexander Ireland. The whole of Waugh's later poems in the Lancashire dialect, it may be mentioned, made their first appearance in the columns of the *Guardian*.

This same principle of liberality has always been applied even to the mechanical departments of the paper. It used to be said, for instance, that in the early days the best compositors in the trade were secured by the offer of higher wages than those paid by any other paper, and by the unusual grant of an annual fortnight's holiday. In one word, the *Guardian* has reached its present position of literary excellence and signal commercial success by sound judgment, by uniformity of method, by the exercise of cultivated intelligence, and, above all, by a far-seeing liberality and a free-handed expenditure wisely distributed.

THE LIFE OF A GEOLOGIST.*

GEOLOGISTS, in their off-time, are fond of speculating on the relation between the geology of a country and its national characteristics. But they might look for an effect nearer home—the very existence and growth of geology are probably largely due to a reaction of the physical environment on mental life. Of all the countries of the world, whether from a physical, petrographical, or palaeontological point of view, none are richer or more striking than Scotland; and it accords with the fitness of things that here geology as a science should have had its birth. Since Hutton and Playfair laid its foundations in Edinburgh, Scotland has continued to supply the science with an unbroken succession of great men who have worthily kept up the early traditions, and whose achievements, especially in the department of stratigraphical geology, have done much to raise it to the rank it holds to-day. Of these men few have more, or more brilliant, work to their credit than Sir Andrew Ramsay, and his biographer, and successor at the head of the Geological Survey, Sir Archibald Geikie.

The connection of both men with the Survey has largely coloured this Memoir. In either case the connection has been life-long, and sustained with a faith in its possibilities, scientific and economic, which the coldness and even the occasional persecution of unbelieving generations of politicians only seem to have fanned. One is not surprised, therefore, and one does not grudge, that this volume, along with the most ample memoir of Ramsay, should be almost a history and tacit vindication of the Survey's work. Nothing was more needed in geological literature than some adequate account of this long-suffering and neglected branch of the public service, and the outline here presented, and the large gallery of portraits of leading Survey workers which embellish its pages, form a record of permanent value.

As a biography, the book in no way suffers from this expansion. The picture of Ramsay is at once finished and true to the life, and the large use of his own letters makes it impossible for the reader not to carry away the most distinct impression of his singularly natural and fascinating personality. With nothing very picturesque about his career, Ramsay's life was one of faithful endeavour and fruitful progress. Born in Glasgow a year before Waterloo, he began his work on the Survey at the age of twenty-seven. His footing on this, the first step of the ladder which led him to fame, was secured almost by accident. A business man—not, it must be confessed, very successful—he had been accustomed to pass his holidays in the Island of Arran—that marvellous "epitome of the geology of the world" which has formed a training-ground for geologists for three generations. Attracted by its extraordinary physical features, he proceeded—at first in an amateur way, and

* 'Memoir of Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsay.' By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

largely for recreation, but later, under the inspiring influence of Landsborough and Nichol, on more scientific lines—to work out its main formations. The result was the construction of a model of the island, with maps and sections, which was exhibited at the British Association at its meeting in Glasgow in 1840. In connection with this model Ramsay also read a paper—Lyell, Murchison, De la Beche, Agassiz, and Forbes being among his audience—and this he afterwards developed into his well-known classic on 'The Geology of Arran.' The indirect result was an invitation, through Murchison and De la Beche, to join the Survey, and within a short time his hammer was busy at its first official task among the Palaeozoic rocks of Wales. Until nearly three-score years and ten he continued in the Survey, and closed his long and honourable career as a civil servant with a voluntary retiral—accompanied by the honour of knighthood—in 1881.

Of all men of science, the geologist's life is the breeziest, the most natural, and the most wholesome; and Ramsay's biographer, being of kindred taste, has caught the spirit of his subject, and reproduced it here in all its charm. The Survey-man's lot has its hardships, but Sir A. Geikie's picture of the sunnier side—one which Ramsay's temperament led him to enjoy to the full—is attractive enough to make one forget that it is often solitary and sometimes dangerous, even sometimes underfed and always certainly underpaid.

"He starts soon after breakfast, lightly accoutred, and spends the day, map in hand, over the ground assigned to him for survey. Every exposure of rock is noted by him on his map, or in his note-book, with all the needful details. Every stream is followed step by step up to its source; each hill-side and ravine is traversed from end to end; each quarry, sometimes each ditch, and even the very furrows and turned-up soil of a ploughed field, are scrutinised in turn. He is thus led into every nook and corner of the ground, until he acquires a more intimate knowledge of it than many of the natives who have been living there all their lives. Out early and late, and in all kinds of weather, he witnesses changing atmospheric effects such as few others have opportunities of enjoying. He is brought into every variety of scenery, and is compelled by his very duties to study these varieties and make use of them in his daily work. Flowers, insects, birds, and living things of every kind meet his eye at each turn of the way. If he has any antiquarian instincts, his rambles enable him to visit every antiquity for miles around. If, lastly, he is of a social temperament, and cares to mix with his fellow-men, there is often pleasant society in the neighbourhood where a stranger of good address is welcomed."

The humorous side of the geologist's calling has been frequently dwelt on, but the theme seems inexhaustible. Among many illustrations recorded here, the following must suffice for sample:—

"One member of the staff, who had taken up his quarters in a village, was watched for some days by the police on suspicion of having been concerned in a recent burglary. Another was stalked as a suspect who had been setting fire to farm buildings. A third was watched, hammering by himself in the bed of a stream, and as he gave vent to some strong expression when the obstinate boulder refused to part with a splinter, the onlooker on the other side of the hedge fled in terror to the neighbouring village, and reported that this strange man who had come among them was stark mad, and should not be left to go by himself. Sometimes the laugh goes distinctly against the geologist, as in the case of one of the staff who, poking about to see the rocks exposed on the outskirts of a village in Cumberland, was greeted by an old woman as the 'sanitary 'spector.' He modestly disclaimed the honour, but noticing that the place was very filthy, ventured to hint that such an official would find something to do there. And he thereupon began to enlarge on the evils of accumulating filth, resulting, among other things, in an unhealthy and stunted population. His auditor heard him out, and then calmly surveying him from head to foot, remarked, 'Well, young man, all I have to tell ye is that the men o' this place are a deal bigger and stronger and handsomer nor you.' She bore no malice, for she offered him a cup of tea, but he was too cowed to face her any longer."

Ramsay's promotion to headquarters at Jermyn Street in time circumscribed this open-air life, but as long as his strength lasted he remained in close contact with field-work and field-workers. The Professorship of Geology at King's College, London, which fell to him seven years after joining the Survey, and which withdrew him from its active labours three months annually, afforded him a cherished opportunity for more systematic study. The fruits of this are seen in some of his later papers, notably in his Presidential Address to the British Association, and other philosophical contributions to the learned Societies.

As to the general result of his life-work, it is enough to say that on almost every department of geology Ramsay left his mark. British geology he enriched by maps, sections, and memoirs unsurpassed—in their time—for accuracy and fulness. In stratigraphy he showed the significance of breaks of succession and of unconformabilities, and their relation on the one hand to evolution and on the other to geological time. An early paper on the Denudation of South Wales almost marked an era in physiography; while under the same category falls to be placed his original and suggestive observations on glacial action. The theory of the glacial origin of lake-basins, in particular, will always be associated with his name, and the tenacity with which he clung to it through years of opposition, not less than the audacity of the idea itself, are a lasting testimony to his independence and vigour of mind. On his associates in the Survey, most of all, Ramsay's influence was profound, and earned for him the most enthusiastic devotion, while upon the stream of students who passed through his class-room in London the effect was scarcely less striking. Partly on account of his healthy humanity, and in part because of the genial pen of his biographer, this is a biography of exceptional charm. Neither too long nor too technical written at once with the insight of a master and the love of a friend, science has few personal records—and fewer for the general reader—more inspiring.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND AMERICAN ROYALTIES.

A CHAT WITH MR. A. P. WATT.

IT is now more than two years ago since the American Copyright Act was passed, and English authors have had most varied experience of its workings. For some it has done much more than was expected, for others much less. One popular writer tells an interviewer that in a single year he has had £2,000 from America, while another, hardly less popular, may have received not a quarter of that sum. On all hands one hears complaints of the difficulty

of getting money from America. That a clever man can devise means of getting it, however, is shown by the experience of Mr. A. P. Watt, with whom our representative had a conversation on this subject.

"The Copyright Act," said Mr. Watt, "has not appreciably affected the sale of serial rights; indeed, we sometimes got larger prices for serials before the Act was passed. To book sales, on the other hand, it has made an enormous difference. Speaking, of course, for this agency only, I may say we have had no difficulty in getting money from America. I attribute this, to two causes, first, to our practice of dealing only with the best American firms, and second, to the very strict and careful agreements we make with publishers. Such firms as the Appletons, Scribners, Macmillans, Longmans, Harpers, the Century Co., Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and others which will at once occur to you, never give me the slightest trouble with regard to payments. Authors who cry out that they have got nothing from America must either have been dealing with irresponsible firms, or they must have contented themselves with explanations by word of mouth, so leaving loopholes for future misunderstandings. In dealing with books, as in dealing with other property, it is most important to have all agreements written out in proper form. I need not tell you that the greatest care and judgment on my part is necessary in making American arrangements for my clients; in fact, I should say that the new Copyright Act made the literary agent not only a convenience, but an absolute necessity."

"But with the utmost care, Mr. Watt, do you not sometimes make mistakes and sell to shaky firms?"

"We have been remarkably fortunate in that respect," said Mr. Watt. "For example, we had only one transaction with the ill-fated firm of Lovell, and that was passed on to us to complete by a client who had practically made the arrangement himself and without our advice. Judging from what I hear, I have no hesitation in saying that our clients have secured much more American money than those authors who transact their own business in the few channels their limited experience may have brought under their notice. We have many channels in America through which we can learn about publishing houses, and we have an agent in New York who makes full inquiries where there is doubt. I remember one American publisher who asked us for a story and offered a large price for it. We did not know him, so we thought it would be safe not to send the manuscript till we received the money. We accordingly put the story in charge of our agent, with instructions not to hand it over till the price was paid. Precautions of this kind cannot so well be taken by an author acting for himself."

"Can you tell me what sums have actually been paid in American royalties?"

"I might give you the example of a very well-known book, published last year. For obvious reasons I do not care to mention the name, but I can tell you that the arrangement we made for its publication will yield the author in royalties over £1,000 on about six months' sales. The royalties for the next six months will not equal that sum, although they are sure to be large. This is by no means an isolated instance. As the new Act has now been in force for over three years, some authors have two, three or more books on which they have copyright in the States, and so may realise from American royalties alone an income running into many hundreds of pounds."

"What proportion will an author's earnings in England bear to his earnings in America?"

"A proportion of about five to three. American royalties are rather smaller and the trade discounts a trifle higher than with us. Still, you see that the money which a successful writer may expect from America bears a very fair proportion to his earnings in England."

"But are not American publishers paying these great sums at considerable sacrifice to themselves?"

"No, I think not. You see they can now acquire *property* in a book, and so afford to pay more than in the days when the pirates reprinted on them the day after an authorised version of a book appeared. Another point is that the population is very great and is increasing rapidly, and the average American is more of a book-buyer than the Englishman.

"As for magazine rights," Mr. Watt continued, "except in the case of the more popular authors, there is not a great deal to be done. I have known the time before the Copyright Act was passed when we got £1,000 in New York for the right to use a story serially, with the certainty of its being reprinted by some pirate the day after each instalment appeared. The serial market in the States has now for some years been considerably depressed, like everything else, and those prices are now a thing of the past. American magazines buy a great deal of their fiction from me. To one firm I sold the other day fiction for which they will pay my clients between £2,000 and £3,000."

"How will the new Canadian Copyright Act affect English authors?"

"The Act is not yet passed, and it would be difficult to forecast its effect. Long experience has shown me, however, that there is little to be expected from Canada. The amounts paid in royalties are so small that they are hardly worth troubling about. At present the Canadian and American rights are usually sold together."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

XI.—FROM THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND TO THE CORONATION OF HER SON.

WRITING to Archbishop Beaton on the day of Darnley's murder, Mary tried to persuade him that the enterprise had been intended for her destruction as well as her husband's; and affirmed her determination rather to "loss life and all," than allow such a deed to remain unpunished. In replying, Beaton faithfully warned her that in Paris she herself was blamed as the "motive principall"—that all had been done by her command; and urged her to do such justice as would declare her innocence to the world, and give testimony for ever of the treason of those who had committed so cruel and ungodly a murder. Mary, however, was not consumed with such zeal. The advice of Beaton was in vain, as was the pleading of Lennox, the entreaty of Elizabeth, and the petition of the Protestants.

A few hours after the murder, Bothwell informed Sir

James Melville "that hir Majeste was sorrowfull and quyet." Bastien, who soon found his way to France, represented her as making "great dule," and using much diligence to try the doers. Robert Melville told De Silva that he "left the Queen confined to her chamber, with the intention of not leaving it for forty days, as is the custom of widows there;" and Killigrew found her, on the 8th of March, in a dark chamber, so as he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful. She had not, however, been all that time in a darkened room, nor even in Edinburgh. She had gone to Seton six days after the murder, and in other twelve Drury learned that she and Bothwell had defeated Seton and Huntly in a shooting-match. There, too, according to the 'Book of Articles,' she golfed and played at "palmall," and gave rein to her passion for Bothwell.

Although Mary knew that Bothwell was at least the reputed murderer of her husband, he was allowed to rule her Court, and received fresh tokens of her favour. At length she wrote Lennox—Anderson dates this letter the 24th of March, Labanoff the 23rd—that those whom he had named should be tried; and, if found guilty, condignly punished. In the list which Lennox had sent, Bothwell's name stood first, yet within a week she presented him with three of her costliest church vestments of cloth of gold; and he sat as a member of Privy Council on the 28th of March to arrange for his own trial. Already the people judged that she would marry him. Edinburgh was filled with Bothwell's supporters; but Lennox, as he averred, was forbidden to bring more than a handful of retainers; and, although he could not have the proof ready by the 12th of April, no delay was granted. Mounted on Darnley's courser, so Drury writes, Bothwell—after looking up to Mary's window and receiving from her "a friendly nod for a farewell"—set out from Holyrood for the Tolbooth, "with a merry and lusty cheer," attended through the crowded streets by two hundred harquebussiers and four thousand gentlemen. In the language of the time, justice was "smorit and planelie abusit." In Buchanan's expressive words, "Bothwell was not clensit of the cryme, bot, as it wer, waschit with sowteris bleking."

Four days later, when the Queen rode to her Parliament in the same Tolbooth, Bothwell carried the sceptre. It was afterwards asserted by Mary, by the lords who adhered to her, by her commissioners in England, and by others, that Bothwell's acquittal was ratified in that Parliament. Lingard says, "there cannot be a doubt of the fact." But there is no such ratification in the records of that Parliament—one of the two Marian Parliaments of which the original records have been preserved—and this, in the opinion of such a Mariolater as Chalmers, shows that the "assumption must be false." The records, however, contain what may have been regarded as a virtual acknowledgment of Bothwell's innocence—the ratification of the captainry of Dunbar Castle to him on account of his "gret and manifald gud service," and the stringent Act concerning "placardes and billis and ticquettis of defamatioun." A month before, the Privy Council issued a proclamation against James Murray, who—in response to the promised reward—had set up such placards, challenging Bothwell as Darnley's murderer and Mary as an accomplice.

When Parliament was closed on Saturday the 19th of April, Bothwell bore the sword of honour back to Holyrood. That evening, after a supper to which he had invited them, he induced through fear or fraud a number of the lords to sign a "band" declaring their belief in his innocence; their determination to defend him against calumny; and their resolution, should Mary choose him as her husband, to further the marriage "so farr as it may pleise our said Soverane Lady to allow." Next day, Kirkcaldy of Grange wrote to Bedford that Mary was intending to take the Prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands to put him into Bothwell's, for whom, she had been heard to say, she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country, and that she would go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat ere she left him.

On Monday she set out for Stirling to see her child; and as she returned to Edinburgh on Thursday (the 24th of April) Bothwell intercepted her, and carried her to Dunbar. Sir James Melville, who was with her, was told by his captor that "it was with the Quenis awen consent." Drury, too, writing three days after the event, said that, although the manner appeared to be forcible, it was known to be otherwise. This was the common opinion at the time, as is proved by Birrel's 'Diary,' by the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' by the 'Historie of James the Sext,' and by Spottiswoode's 'History,' not to mention Buchanan, Calderwood, and the continuator of Knox. Before the nobles signed the "band" to Bothwell, De Silva had written to Philip that it was hinted in London that marriage with Mary was Bothwell's object in his intended divorce from his wife; and, before the capture, the French Ambassador at the English court felt certain, that, if the divorce were effected, this marriage would take place. Nine days after the capture, De Silva wrote that as Bothwell's horsemen arrived near Mary, "with their swords drawn, they showed an intention of taking her with them, whereupon some of those who were with her were about to defend her; but the Queen stopped them, saying she was ready to go with the Earl of Bothwell wherever he wished rather than bloodshed and death should result." Froude quotes this statement almost *verbatim*. Hosack, perceiving its importance, and ignorant of the source whence it was derived, boldly says:—"This is the speech not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell. The inference from Mary's conduct is indeed obvious. In the same letter to Philip, De Silva says:—"It is believed that the whole thing has been arranged so that, if anything comes of the marriage, the Queen may make out that she was forced into it." De Silva further tells his royal master that he received this information not only from Elizabeth and Cecil, but also "from the man who brought the news, who is a good Catholic, and an intimate acquaintance of mine." As "the fullest, the most satisfactory and explicit testimony of the forcible nature of the royal victim's abduction," Miss Strickland triumphantly cites an Act of Parliament as stating that she was "suspecting no evil" and was taken to Dunbar "against her will;" but unfortunately the quotation is taken not from the Act proper but from the summons of treason embodied in it, and the writer of that summons apparently drew that part of it from Mary's post-nuptial Instructions to the Bishop of Dunblane.

Keith sought to identify, as the place of Mary's capture, the bridge "over Avon-water, a short mile to the west of the town of Linlithgow." Goodall, Lingard, Miss Strickland, and Hill Burton put it quite as near Edinburgh Castle—at Fountain-bridge. De Silva upsets both these theories, when he says it happened six miles from Edinburgh, and thus confirms Robert Chambers, who, after minutely investigating the point, decided that it was where the Gogar burn joins the Almond river—an excellent place to surprise an unsuspecting victim, but quite as suitable for keeping up the show of an unwilling capture.

No time was lost in entering and carrying through the double process for divorce. Within two days of the capture, Bothwell's Popish wife lodged her libel in the Protestant

Consistory Court, claiming divorce because of her lord's adultery with one of her servants. Next day, at the desire of the professedly Protestant Bothwell, the archiepiscopal head of the Popish court issued his commission for a trial. On the 3rd of May, Lady Jean Gordon obtained judgment from the commissaries against her husband; and on the 7th he obtained judgment from the Archbishop's delegate that his marriage with her had been null from the beginning for lack of a dispensation. That there was collusion between Bothwell and his wife, her brother (Huntly), and the Archbishop, seems certain enough.* So far as ability was concerned, the illegitimate Archbishop was the real head of the house of Hamilton, and a desire to advance the regal claims of that house would explain his silence regarding the dispensation he had previously granted.

The original dispensation, discovered by Dr. John Stuart some five-and-twenty years ago, has been confidently described by "an Elder of the Church of Scotland," in his 'Narrative and Defence,' as "a ridiculous forgery," because it is dated in the pontificate of Pius the Fourth, who had been dead fully two months. This objection appears to carry considerable weight with Mr. Hunter Blair; but the recently printed volume of 'Glasgow Protocols' shows that such an error by a Papal notary was by no means unprecedented. The Hon. Colin Lindsay has, to his own satisfaction, demonstrated its spuriousness. "Murray," he says, "was evidently ignorant of this dispensation. It would have been a trump card in his hands . . . . especially when he accused" Mary "of immorality before the commissioners at York and Westminster." This is Mr. Lindsay's most striking argument; but he would not have ventured to state it had he read the Hopetoun document printed by Hosack as the 'Book of Articles.' Mr. Lindsay labours also to prove that the dispensation, even though genuine, was rendered inoperative through the marriage ceremony being Protestant.

Before the judgment of the Archiepiscopal Court had been given, Knox's colleague, the faithful and fearless Craig, was asked to proclaim the banns of marriage between Mary and Bothwell. This he point-blank refused to do without her writ. On Wednesday, the 7th of May, the justice-clerk brought him a command signed by her—she and Bothwell had returned to Edinburgh—bearing in effect that "sho was neither ravischit nor yet retainit in captivitie," and charging him therefore to make proclamation. When constrained to do so, he publicly took heaven and earth to witness that he abhorred and detested the proposed marriage. Next Wednesday—Bothwell having meanwhile been created Duke of Orkney, Mary placing the coronet on his head with her own hands—the marriage-contract was concluded, and on Thursday they were married.

The Bishop of Orkney—in an early Mariolater's choice language, "a camelion, a sorcerar and execrable magitian, a perfect athiest"—performed the ceremony; "not with the mess," says the 'Diurnal,' "bot with preitching." Some of her friends averred that she and her husband heard a mass in the morning, and from this perhaps arose the statement of their enemies that they were married after both forms. Only fifteen months before, Bothwell and Jean Gordon had been contracted with the "advis and expres counsale" of Mary, who signed their marriage-contract, provided a marriage-banquet, and presented the bride with a wedding-dress of cloth of silver lined with white taffeta.

In trying to explain or palliate her conduct in now marrying Bothwell, Mary's apologists are hard put to it. Blackwood coolly asserts that she was made to believe that Lady Bothwell was dead—a statement utterly inconsistent with Mary's instructions to the ambassadors she sent to France and England. Others insist that she was under Bothwell's power from the abduction to the marriage, and, not being a free agent, was irresponsible. Unluckily for this contention, three days before the wedding, she appeared before the Lords of Session, declaring that she was at liberty, that she had forgiven Bothwell, and intended to promote him to greater honours. Bishop Lesley wriggles and lies in his perplexity; and, as the best excuse, can only repeat the general opinion that "Bothwell threw the Queen's mind into a confused state by means of magical arts." It would be rather an interesting task to examine the ingenious and elaborate attempts to prove that she had a rooted aversion to the Bothwell marriage; but such a task is rendered superfluous by the excuse she solemnly made to her Dominican confessor—who had previously warned her against such a union—that her object was to settle religion by that means! An excellent reason to urge upon one who believed her to be "not only a good but a very devout Catholic." According to a despatch of the Venetian Ambassador, Bothwell was then "a young man twenty-five years old, of handsome presence;" or, as Bishop Lesley has it, a man "endowed with great bodily strength and masculine beauty, but vicious and dissolute in morals."

Mary's married happiness with Bothwell was far from perfect, although they were occasionally merry together, and he reverenced her in public as his sovereign. She was frequently rendered miserable by his jealousy; yet it was alleged that he passed several days a week with his divorced wife, regarding her still as his lawful spouse, and the Queen as his concubine. Only two days after the wedding Mary cried for a knife that she might kill herself. In reporting that differences had arisen between them, De Silva remarked, "an evil conscience can know no peace."

The lords who had resolved on Bothwell's overthrow arrived at Borthwick Castle on the night of the 10th of June. Knowing that it could not stand a siege, he slipped out and escaped. Next night—in male attire, booted and spurred—she also left Borthwick, rejoined her husband, rode with him to Dunbar, and helped him to raise an army. Meanwhile, the lords had entered Edinburgh, and, having proclaimed their intentions, charged the subjects to assist in delivering the Queen from thraldom, preserving the prince, and punishing the murderers of the King.

On Sabbath, the 15th of June—exactly a month after the fateful wedding—the two armies met at Carberry. In point of numbers they were not unequally matched; but Mary's forces were half-hearted in the cause, many of them deserting while Du Croc was hopelessly trying to restore peace. She was eager to fight, but loath to allow Bothwell to engage in single combat. In the evening she persuaded him, says Beaton, "to loup on horsebak and ryd his way," and when he had covered "twa myles or mair," she offered to render herself. According to the Captain of Inchkeith, she parted from her husband with many kisses and much grief; and, according to Drury, she was received in the other camp by Atholl's company and Tullibardine's shouting with one voice —"Burn the whore!" By ten o'clock on that summer Sabbath evening she arrived at Edinburgh, and, amid the fervid denunciations of the populace, was lodged in the Provost's house, opposite the cross.

The banner—with a representation of her murdered husband, and her infant crying, "Judge and revenge my caus, O Lord!"—which had been hoisted over Edinburgh Castle, and had waved before her at Carberry, was now hung before her window, wherewith she seemed much offended. Next day she came to the window, crying to the people that she was kept in prison by her subjects, who had betrayed her. "Sche cam to the said windo sundrie tymes in sa miserable a stait," says Beaton, "her hairs hingand about her loggs [*i.e.*, ears], and hir breist, yea the maist pairt of all hir bodie, fra the waist up, bair and discoverit, that na man could luk upon hir bot sche movit him to pitie and compassion." That evening—the harquebussiers bearing the ubiquitous banner before her—she was convoyed to Holyrood; and from thence hurried off to Loch-leven, which she reached next day.

There, on the 24th of July, she signed the document presented to her by Lindsay and Ruthven, bearing that her body, spirit, and senses were, through the toil of governing, "sa vexit, brokin, and unquietit," that she could no longer endure it; and therefore of motherly affection, and of her "awin motive will," renounced and demitted the government to her infant son, and authorised his coronation. On the 29th of July (1567) the Prince was solemnly crowned in the parish kirk of Stirling, when the fickle Bishop of Orkney anointed him, and Atholl put the crown on his head.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* It was said at the time that Huntly's consent was secured by the ratification of his family honours, and that he persuaded his sister to sue for the divorce. Her acquiescence was hastened, if Lesley is to be believed, by her husband giving her the option of quaffing a cup of poisoned wine or setting her hand to the necessary document. Her procuratory, it appears, was dated 20th March.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.*

If Mr. Balfour's volume is the result of his enforced absence from the helm of the State, it is a strong argument for the continuance of the Liberal Government. For it may reasonably be questioned whether any benefits which even a Prime Minister can confer on his country are commensurate with the good which may be accomplished by such a volume as this. As a mere intellectual treat we have had nothing equal to it for many years. It brings a mind trained and disciplined by philosophical thought into contact with the foundations on which scientific, ethical, and theological investigations are in our own time being built. It clears the air of the mist which prevents us from seeing one another and from distinguishing friend from foe. With comprehensive knowledge and mastery of all that has produced the present situation, with patience, skill, good temper, firmness, and a great deal of humour, he disentangles us from the meshes into which the current of modern thought has swept us, and sets us free again. As yet it might seem extravagant to compare Mr. Balfour's 'Notes' with Butler's 'Analogy,' but certainly the aim and character of the two books invite comparison, and there are many who have read the older master with dissatisfaction who will find in the teacher of to-day the conviction and help they seek.

Mr. Balfour writes for the general reader, not for the philosophical or theological specialist. His aim is to show how "we may best draw together our beliefs into a comprehensive unity which shall possess at least a relative and provisional stability." In order to accomplish his purpose he first of all examines the pretensions of Naturalism, by which he understands Agnosticism, Positivism, and Empiricism. Following in some measure the argument pressed by the late Mr. Herbert in his 'Modern Realism,' and using the weapons which have indeed been available ever since the difficulties of belief in an external world were presented in the 'Theætetus,' he exposes the groundlessness of the pretensions of those "who are disposed to represent Science as a Land of Goshen, bright beneath the unclouded splendours of the midday sun, while Religion lies beyond wrapped in the impenetrable darkness of the Egyptian plague." He shows once again that the naturalistic account of man's origin entirely alters the aspect and the value of morality, and reduces reason to so low a level that we cannot depend upon its deliverances. The antagonism which exists between the naturalistic system and the hopes, feelings, beliefs, and judgments which are the best possession of humanity has frequently been pointed out, but never so elaborately and finally as in the early chapters of Mr. Balfour's treatise. The probable results on conduct of such a creed are also eloquently and fairly depicted. A more complete and powerful argument against naturalistic evolution we are not likely ever to meet with. The only question that is at this point left unanswered is, How far do these objections tell against theistic evolution, and especially to what extent and in what manner does the origin of man determine the value of his present qualities and powers? In a word, What is Mr. Balfour's own belief regarding man's origin?

So convincingly does Mr. Balfour exhibit the insufficient basis of scientific knowledge that he fears, not wholly without cause, that he may be looked upon as advocating universal scepticism. The inability of the human mind to find a sure philosophical basis for scientific knowledge and belief, is an inability which accompanies man into every branch of inquiry. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* Our knowledge is ringed round with a horizon beyond which the human vision cannot penetrate. Have we here then a Samson who destroys indeed the uncircumcised in their exultant arrogance, but at the same time destroys himself and his friends? No! Mr. Balfour denies that his argument discredits reason. Nay, he not only admits that human reason has its rights, and can never cease to crave for the elimination of all obscurities in our knowledge and to demand the unification of all beliefs, but his book is written for the express purpose of promoting this unification.

Admitting that on account of the natural limitation of human faculty any unification of knowledge can only be provisional, he seeks to furnish both scientific and theological enquirers with a basis on which they may without hesitation proceed with their researches in their respective departments. Scientific men have been wont to claim for their studies the sole human certitude of knowledge, and to relegate theology to the region of dreamland. Mr. Balfour effectively turns the tables, and while he does not claim an absolutely clear and certain basis for theology any more than for science, he establishes, conclusively most readers will think, that science itself, if not a mere illusion, demands the existence of a rational God. In order to have an intelligible world we must have reason at the source. Theology, to which naturalism denies the right to be called a branch of knowledge at all, is found to be necessarily assumed in order to furnish a basis for the only knowledge which naturalism allows. According to Mr. Balfour's careful reasoning, the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, æsthetic, theological, form a more coherent and intelligible whole if we consider them in a Theistic setting than if we consider them in a Naturalistic one. Nay, with a courage and independence not always given to superior persons and philosophic minds, he claims for the Christian system, with its mysterious doctrine of an Incarnate God, that it forms the widest and surest foundation for the intelligibility of the world and the unification of all human beliefs and knowledge.

The conclusions of this remarkable book will be called in question, its statements will be scrutinised, but those who most seriously study it will be the foremost in proclaiming its force, the mastery of detail and the ease with which large philosophical ideas are handled, and perhaps especially the conduct of the argument, the quick discernment of what is relevant, the temperance in claiming no more than is made out, the reality and seriousness which pervade the whole.

MARCUS DODS.

* 'The Foundations of Belief.' Being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

There are more points than one in Mr. Churton Collins which make him an interesting critic. In the first place, he knows his classics; and though it is not customary nowadays to endorse Dr. Folliott's iteration of "Greek, Greek, Greek" as the *unum necessarium*, if it is necessary anywhere it certainly is in criticism. He knows at least some parts of English literature very well, and is something of a specialist in Italian, an acquirement not so common as it used to be, and for that very reason specially useful to a critic of English in past days. Also Mr. Collins writes well and carefully, though rather hardly and with something of lack in ease, springiness, unction. But what makes him particularly interesting is his maintenance in full reality of a critical attitude which is now mostly a tradition. It is not exactly that Mr. Collins is more opinionated than other people; other critics would probably not have to go far from their own doors to find his equal, at least, in that respect. But his opinionatedness is of a kind which is not just now fashionable. Nowadays we are most of us rather apt to say, with more or less politeness, according to nature and education, "I give this as my opinion; it is only my opinion, of course, and has no other value; but, privately, I think anyone but a fool will take that value as a gilt-edged security." The older fashion was not ostensibly to give the critic's personal warranty, but to assume that his opinion was that of the *orbis terrarum*, that there was no possibility of salvation outside of it, and that anybody who did not choose to accept it ought to be delivered over to the secular arm. Of these two attitudes (which of course the foregoing sentences designedly exaggerate and caricature) the latter, beyond all question, is that to which Mr. Churton Collins is most inclined. Thus, for instance, he speaks of "the wretched cant now so much in vogue about 'art for art's sake.'" Now, of course, you *may* cant about anything. But the doctrine of "art for art's sake"

* 'Essays and Studies.' By John Churton Collins. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 1895.

is neither more nor less cant, or liable to cant, than any other doctrine or position which admits of argument for and against, which is capable of being overstrained and misapplied, but which, rightly held and intelligently limited, contains, like most doctrines, its portion of truth. But it would not suit Mr. Collins to allow this. Indeed, in his way of criticism, there are very few allowances, provisos, or guards. He is entirely free from that malady of "thinking what the other fellow will say" which we have heard charged against critics of a stamp different from his, even when they had the repute of being tolerably sure of themselves. And, indeed, if you have made up your mind that "the other fellow" is a wretched canter, why bother yourself about him?

Of this method or attitude the essays given in the present volume (with the exception of the very agreeable paper on "Menander" with which it concludes, and which is rather a *compte rendu* than a controversial or dogmatic discourse) give excellent examples, sometimes charged less, sometimes more, with the main peculiarity. The opening paper, that on "Dryden," is one of the best. When it appeared, now a good many years ago, everybody who knew anything about the subject recognised it as an admirable piece of work of its kind. It has indeed both the merits and the defects of Mr. Collins's special model, Macaulay, who, though he has been sometimes more closely imitated in mere tricks of style, has never had so faithful a follower in spirit and in the whole scheme of essay-procedure. There are the carefully arranged lists of names and dates, the little excursions or episodes of reading or allusion, the set-pieces at intervals. There is, too—and this seems to us, as far as purely literary criticism is concerned, one of Mr. Collins's least admirable parts or points—the trick of depreciation in order to enhance, of stepping back in order to make a spring. But, on the whole, the article seems to us not merely one of the best things Mr. Collins has done, but one of the best on the subject; one certainly not to be missed by anybody who is studying that subject. For which reason its extraction, with some corrections, from the limbo of an old Review is much to be welcomed.

The next paper, on Mr. Symonds's 'Predecessors of Shakespeare,' exhibits Mr. Collins's method, and his scholarship to Macaulay, at much greater disadvantage. The book criticised, though an interesting one, was of course vulnerable enough, exhibiting as it did its author's disorderliness of arrangement and his floridness of style at nearly their worst. But why bolt out of the course to make a desperate charge of six pages on the critical style, not of Mr. Symonds, but of Mr. Swinburne? And why, except in corrupt following of quarterly (not merely *Quarterly*) reviewers in general, and of Macaulay in particular, attack so violently a book and author which and who, after the first diatribe, are quietly put aside altogether in order that Mr. Collins may give his own sketch—and a very well-informed, if not always well-opinioned, sketch too—of the subject? There is to be observed, also, in this essay, as perhaps in some others, a fault to which this type of critic is specially liable—the fault of violently denouncing or magnificently pooh-poohing opinions which a little later, and with a very little change, the critic restates himself as the only true and catholic faith on the subject. Thus, here on p. 109, Mr. Collins speaks with scorn apparently too deep for words of some unnamed writer who "gravely compares Marlowe with Æschylus." It will occur to most people who know both their Æschylus and their Marlowe well that the poor wretch, whoever he was, might have done worse. But they will certainly rub their eyes when they come to Mr. Collins's own account of Marlowe, and find urged with much energy and eloquence his claim to most of those things which we recognise as Æschylean—"passages approaching as nearly to the style of the Greek masterpieces as anything to be found in English" (was this said "gravely"?) "delineations of the superhuman," and so forth. Mr. Symonds himself is chidden for laying too much stress on Marlowe's 'Amour de l'Impossible.' Mr. Collins is permitted to say practically the same thing in six sentences on p. 157 and in nine sentences on p. 158.

In the two other long essays—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters" and "The Porson of Shakespearian Criticism"—there being no intrusive entity to whom the critic has to say, "Ote-toi, que je m'y mette," Mr. Collins's method is again seen to better advantage. We do not, indeed, think that either the unfavourable view of Chesterfield or the unfavourable view of Theobald which he combats has been quite so universal as he seems to think. Pope's very Popian spite against Theobald has always been understood by people of any instruction; and we cannot believe that anybody who counts has ever been prejudiced against Chesterfield by Dickens's absurd and wooden caricature in Sir John Chester. But both essays are good examples of vigorous championship not undeserved, and the latter is a well-informed and well-arranged exposition of fact. Of the "Menander" we have already spoken.

It would perhaps be unfaithful to close this review of a very interesting and very typical, as well as learned and energetic, book of criticism without noting one or two slips into which the critic's method, as much as anything else, has led him. That method, as is well known, almost requires, and at least certainly induces, long, confident sweeps of generalisation, assertion, illustration, and parallel. But these are extremely dangerous things. Even Macaulay, with his wonderful reading and matchless memory, fell sometimes into the net that he spread; and Mr. Collins has not been more fortunate. For instance, he says, in an *obiter dictum* on Ronsard, "between 1630 and 1858 he was so completely ignored that, if we are not mistaken, during the whole of this period no edition of his poems was called for." Now, if *we* are not mistaken, there was an edition of 'Œuvres Choisies' in 1840. But this does not matter much. For at least thirty years before 1858 Ronsard had been studied and ransacked for metrical models by the whole Romantic school of French poetry which was then at its prime; and this is a very odd way of being "completely ignored." As for another slip, it is one which we should think it illiberal to mention in a man who might possibly have committed it through ignorance of Greek. Mr. Collins writes of some error that "it may now be said to hold a conspicuous place among *pseudodoxia epidemica*." It is, of course, *not* possible that he can take *pseudodoxia* for a neuter plural instead of a feminine singular, or think that the common English short title "Vulgar Errors" is a translation of the Greek one. It is possible that he wrote *pseudodoxa* (though even this would be odd) and that the printer played him a trick; or the thing may be merely "one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil," of which all who write have had experience. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE TALE OF CHLOE.*

Possibly Mr. Meredith would long ere this have contrived to republish 'The Tale of Chloe' had he thought very highly of its two companions that help to swell it into a volume. The first story is a gem, as perfect in its kind as anything he has written. To read it is to feel at once aggrieved it was not ours long ago, and delighted it has been kept back for our present enjoyment. It is not easy to be grateful for the two others. 'The House on the Beach' is dull and improbable. 'The Case of General Ople' is rather funny, but it is a hobbledehoy farce. Both are extreme instances of Mr. Meredith's habit, in which only Carlyle surpassed him, of riding a joke to death. Tinman's wine that undermined the health of his guests is a worn-out joke on its first appearance, but it is served up again and again and again, till the harmfulness of the wretched vintage actually tells on us who never once sat at the rascal's table. So with Lady Camper's lessons to General Ople on the English language. Only grace prevents us adopting with vehement affection every one of the General's vulgarisms. The extreme improbability of the same lady's marvellous powers of draughtmanship is a minor sin. But the improbability in the second story is vital. A girl of intelligence and refinement will be ready to marry many kinds of villains, but not a villain who is at once a patent fool and a pettifogger in rascality. It is pleasanter to talk of Chloe.

The first story begins in a tone of gentle satire, with quaint reflections on amorous dukes in general, and a particular description, from his own lips, of the early matri-

* 'The Tale of Chloe,' 'The House on the Beach,' 'The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper.' By George Meredith. (Ward, Lock and Bowden)

monial delights of the elderly duke who married the milkmaid, and who, loving her to distraction, has been persuaded to expose her to the perils of the Wells that she may have the amusement she craves and the experience she lacks. "A term approaches when the enthusiasm for serving as your wife's playfellow all day, running round tables and flying along corridors, before a knotted handkerchief, is mightily relaxed. Yet the dread of a separation from her has kept me at these pastimes for a considerable period beyond my relish of them. Not that I acknowledge fatigue. I have, it seems, a taste for reflection; I am now much disposed to read and meditate, which cannot be done without repose. I settle myself, and I receive a worsted ball in my face, and I am expected to return it. I comply; and then you would say a nursery in arms." The story never loses the tone of high-bred comedy save when it takes you behind the scenes with Chloe, Chloe who had given fortune and family and all for love, and missed it. She is one of Mr. Meredith's chosen ladies, very loving, much-enduring, smiling for all her wounds, gentle, decorous, distinguished. The advent of the milkmaid duchess is almost simultaneous with the return of her faithless lover, and hope for a little while mates with the love still warm in her breast. But with the acuteness of sincerity she soon sees she is being duped, and that the death of her own hope is not the only calamity in sight. The duchess, in all the selfishness of her youth and her newly-found excitement, is blind to danger, will give up her duke and ruin herself recklessly. So Chloe chooses death in such a form that a ghastly sight may meet the eyes of the headstrong young woman at the moment when she proposes to make her rash elopement. Chloe's plan does not fail. The shock, the stir, the horror, bring the duchess to her senses. She goes back willingly to her Duke, sick of love.

In some cases where Mr. Meredith has accepted a suggestion from history or tradition—and we take for granted this is one of them—facts have proved stubborn things to deal with. That a sad and desperate lady died as he says Chloe died, we accept as a fact. But that Chloe, the gentle and the decorous, chose the particularly ghastly end is not easy to be convinced of. We slur the point as much as possible, and, indeed, it is but a minor affair compared with the insuperable difficulty that fact thrust in his way in 'Diana of the Crossways.'

It was not very difficult, perhaps, to make a humorous personage out of Beau Beamish, the autocrat of fashion at the Wells, but he is managed very delightfully, and his story of how he met his own skeleton one night after a wine supper, and how he was not discomforted at the sight, is charming. "I protest that by such a display of supreme good-breeding he managed to convey the highest compliment ever received by man, namely, the assurance that after the withering away of this mortal garb, I shall still be noted for urbanity and elegancy."

The milkmaid duchess, too, so healthy, so vain, so selfish, so good-natured and blunt, is a triumph, especially in the scene where she returns, reckless and excited, after losing her money at the tables. "Oh, I'm unhappy, I am." "You must abstain from playing." "It's that! I've lost my money—I forgot. And I shall have to confess it to my duke, though he warned me. Old men hold their fingers up—so! One finger: and you never forget the sight of it, never. It is a round finger, like the handle of a jug, and won't point at you when they're lecturing, and the skin's like an old coat on gaffer's shoulders. . . . I'm a wild girl again, handsomer than when that —— he is a dear, kind, good, old nobleman, with his funny old finger: 'Susan! Susan!' I'm no worse than others. Everybody plays here; everybody superior."

The whole story delights and stimulates, but the best it does is to give us Chloe, the gentle, the generous, the trusting, and the far-seeing, for a friend. A. M.

A CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

To such a book as this, one unhesitatingly takes off the hat. It is not a big book, but nearly every one of its 400 pages is the result of the most minute, patient, honest, and skilled research. Mr. Pike (except perhaps through the excellent 'History of Crime in England' which he wrote a good many years ago) is not very widely known among us; yet, whenever our national pride is touched by being told that we have to go to German scholars for light on the growth of English law and institutions, his name would assuredly be mentioned in reply by those who know his work. His introductions to the volumes of the Year Books in the Rolls Series, and now this 'History of the House of Lords,' exhibit in regard to questions of great obscurity and difficulty the exact and ample knowledge of the scholar without the prolixity of the pedant. Admiration for a piece of thorough good work should not be stinted, even though we may doubt whether such an independent investigation of the beginnings and development of the House of Lords as he has made was the most useful thing for him to do. Not many would have had the patience to do it at all. I doubt if anybody was as competent to do it as Mr. Pike. It has not been a neglected subject. Its main points seemed fairly well established. Would the most scrupulous of writers have hesitated to make a definite statement on it, provided he had fortified himself with a reference to the grave history of Stubbs or to what Mr. Pike is pleased to call the polemical essays of Freeman? If this point was so minute that these great men failed him, he might reasonably have felt that he had reached, if not the fountain head, at any rate a safe reservoir in taking up the five volumes of the Reports with their appendices of the Lords' Committees touching the Dignity of a Peer, a work of such historical value that some reckless and ardent peer, careless of its sale, and not impoverished by the reality of agricultural depression or the dread of the Finance Act, might undertake its republication out of respect for his order. The work of previous labourers has not satisfied Mr. Pike. Taking nothing on trust, he has gone behind the Lords' Reports to the original sources themselves, unearthing many interesting facts and qualifying, if not correcting, some generally accepted conclusions. The various and confusing meanings of the *Curia Regis* and the Council; the very gradual growth of the House of Lords into a hereditary assembly; the much vexed question of baronies by tenure; the judicial functions of peers, and their privileges; the shifting of legislative power from the King and his Council; the changes in the composition of the House of Lords—these and other matters he discusses in great detail and with a constant regard for accuracy. It is satisfactory to find that on no really important point does he require us to alter our beliefs. The merit of his work is that it brings the subject into a compact and systematic form, and that on statements of fact it can be implicitly trusted. To such as seek to make a close study of the history of the constitution it will be of the highest value.

In another place Sir W. Anson has called attention to its most serious defect. Though Mr. Pike has been at the pains to go to original sources, he gives practically no assistance to a reader who would like to know where and to what extent he differs from previous writers on the subject, some of them great historians who themselves have not stopped short of original sources. Research is admirable, but its results have little value until they are related to existing knowledge; and it is hardly fair to throw this labour on the reader. Mr. Pike has done his best to discourage any one but a learned specialist from reading his book. One may justly complain also of its misleading title. It is a history of the constitution of the House of Lords much more than a constitutional history that he has written, and I am afraid that many worthy citizens, seeking guidance on a pressing question, will buy the book only to be disappointed, They will find the House of Lords treated from every point of view except that which they think important. Mr. Pike has been so anxious to keep away from political questions, so nervously afraid lest his researches should be of use to somebody, that he has next to nothing to tell us of the manner in which the House of Lords has performed the functions of a second chamber. As he approaches modern times, his subject loses it attraction for him.

Yet, though only a specialist can make the most profitable use of Mr. Pike's history, the intelligent general reader will find much to interest him in the facts which

* 'A Constitutional History of the House of Lords, from Original Sources.' By Luke Owen Pike, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)

it brings together. In particular they illustrate the almost accidental and hand-to-mouth way in which the Constitution has grown up. Following the development of the House of Lords from the Witanagemot or the occasional councils of bishops, abbots, earls, and barons summoned to deal with specific disputes down to the second chamber of our own day, we find scarcely any important changes made on general principles of reform. There is a yielding to facts, but never any plan. New leaves are turned over, but the book is never closed. "If," says Mr. Pike in one of his rare generalisations, "two great events be left out of consideration—the loss of the seats of the abbots when the greater monasteries were divided, and the abolition of military tenure as a consequence of the Great Rebellion—the House of Lords has become what it is by a gradual and natural process of development." Leaving not even these great events out of consideration, we can say that our House of Lords has been produced by force of circumstances and not with intention. The presence of the bishops is often explained on spiritual grounds. But, whether Mr. Pike is right or not in holding so strongly as he does that the bishops and abbots were peers only in virtue of their temporal possessions, it is reasonably certain that but for their temporal possessions they would never have sat in the House of Lords. The lords spiritual of to-day are mere survivals. It is impossible to fix any date when the lords of parliament acquired a hereditary right; the right simply grew up without intention, Equally impossible is it to say when the House itself became a second chamber; it simply drifted into the position by stress of weather. The development of the House of Lords has been gradual, and it may have been complete. If without intention or conscious purpose, and notwithstanding the vast industrial changes of the last hundred years, the declining influence of land, and the growth of great towns, it still remains useful and adapted for its work, perhaps even in THE BOOKMAN one may express admiration for the incredible flexibility of the British constitution.

G. P. MACDONELL.

CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS.*

These essays are unlike the rest of Mr. Saintsbury's collected work. The main difference lies not so much in their declared purpose as in their slightness of build. Readers—at least, the immature, the stupid, and the hurried among them—are so apt to judge books by their superficial tone, pulling long and respectful faces over some that appear profound while they are merely ponderous, and lightly dismissing such as express their wisdom with lucidity and without fuss, that it is just possible these criticisms may not receive all the appreciation they deserve. Perhaps Mr. Saintsbury does not attach first-rate importance to them. They were, doubtless, easy to write: they are at least easy to read—a different matter, by-the-by. In other places, with more detail, with greater exactness, he has given evidence of his scholarship and his several qualifications to be a literary guide. Here we have the overflow of a full mind, a rapid backlook on a long and faithful love. Their very insubstantiality of form, however, provides an easier, if not a better, opportunity of judging his individual qualities as a critic.

The papers are conversational in the best sense in which the word can be applied to written matter; they reproduce the personal note of speech, but they are neither chatter nor monologue. They present the illusion of talk. You can almost hear the others joining in—and possibly you may personate some of these with an occasional grumble or contradiction. You have the feeling of actually looking and listening while the chief speaker stimulates, hits out, challenges, and parries thrusts. It is a conversation among friends, where explanations may be brief; courteous, but with outbursts of humorous savagery. As to the purpose, the title expresses it. Mr. Saintsbury reviews his old friends of the Victorian era by the light of a maturer eye. Happy is his fate; in hardly one important matter does he make a serious correction. His first, his last, his intermediate impressions are stated lucidly, vigorously, and with such autobiographic detail as other critics will recognise to be relevant and important circumstance.

The book, it should be said, is addressed to anybody interested enough in literature to think of judgments on Dickens, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and the others as serious matters at all, and it is to be hoped Anybody, that rather indiscriminating person, will read and profit by matter so readable and profitable. But it is into the hand of the professional judges of literature I would have the book go. The particular judgments are even less interesting than the spirit they exemplify. The summary of Thackeray leaves a good deal to be desired, even when allowance is made for hurry and limits of space; his estimate of Charlotte Brontë is, perhaps, a little grudging, and his reiterated determination *malignum spernere vulgus* would irritate a good many readers were it not humorously uttered. It is the display in these essays of the critic's temperament that is of first interest. Not even in Mr. Saintsbury's introduction to 'Essays on English Literature,' 'The Kinds of Criticism,' are his point of view and the general purpose of his writing more clearly visible. He is at once a critic and a trainer of critics. The fact is, he believes in criticism, takes it seriously, though not at all solemnly. As a trainer he is in the very first rank. In another place he once said, "I think that if I were dictator, one of the first non-political things that I should do would be to make the order of reviewers as close a one, at least, as the bench of judges, or the staff of the Mint;" and it was only a playful way of saying what he actually means. What tests he would apply I do not know. They would be only partially scholastic, but one would certainly be long and loving service to literature. To love literature well and wisely you must begin as early as if you meant to learn the fiddle. If, with even meagre opportunity, the love is not consciously awake at fourteen, and the delight in discrimination begun, it need, for purposes of criticism, hardly be born at all. The palate needs a long training. It is the late beginners who swell the membership of Browning and Shelley societies, who read their Shakespeare in company once a fortnight, and who become incompetent critics for lack of a long enough and a varied enough intimacy with books.

Criticism is a nondescript kind of thing. It is, of course, hedged round with a few permanent principles, but these are about as useful in taking stock of the wayward imaginings of men as are the works of Epictetus in threading the weary maze of human conduct. Yet some faculties the critic must have, and he had better be born with them. The critic who is a mere poet or novelist *manqué* is likely to be a critic *manqué*, too. An enthusiasm for literature as hot as a lover's and a brain as cool as a mathematician's would seem to be the ideal combination.

Most have neither; a few have one—they are the worst, though they may be excellent and interesting writers. He is the true judge who sees quickly, loves hotly, ponders coolly. Mr. Saintsbury would add—who loves widely. He is all for comparison in criticism; and he will have it that, even having regard to literary affections, roaming is not fickleness. "There are, as I take it, three kinds of literary lovers, as perhaps of other. There are those who only love one or a very few things, and cleave to it or them. Perhaps this is the most excellent way, though I do not think so. There are the inconstants who love and who ride away. And there are those who are polygamous but faithful. . . . I boast myself to be of the last."

If I have spoken little of the details of this book of fresh, vivacious essays on the Victorian writers from Thackeray to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. William Morris, I may, by the omission, have left the enjoyment of readers the more unspoilt. There is some excuse for referring to the more general question of criticism, as Mr. Saintsbury's best contribution to critical literature has been his insistence on the obligations and responsibilities of the most incompetent and amateurish of all the professions. To let enthusiasm have its generous way, only supervised by a vigilant intellectual morality—the practice of which morality is taste in the making—is his counsel expressed and implied; but better still than counsel is the evidence these light papers, as well as his more elaborate essays, supply of that long and affectionate intimacy with literature, without which criticism becomes one of the foolishest uses to which a man's pen can be applied.

A. M.

* 'Corrected Impressions. Essays on Victorian Writers.' By George Saintsbury. (Heinemann.)

AN EXCELLENT TALKER.*

Mr. Pater once said that Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote like an excellent talker, and the criticism goes to the root. All of 'The Woman of no Importance,' which might have been spoken by its author, the famous paradoxes, the rapid sketches of men and women of society, the mockery of most things under heaven, are delightful; while, on the other hand, the things which are too deliberate in their development, or too vehement and elaborate for a talker's inspiration, such as the plot, and the more tragic and emotional characters, do not rise above the general level of the stage. The witty or grotesque persons who flit about the hero and heroine, Lord Illingworth, Mrs. Allonby, Canon Daubeney, Lady Stutfield, and Mr. Kelvil, all, in fact, who can be characterised by a sentence or a paragraph, are real men and women; and the most immoral among them have enough of the morality of self-control and self-possession to be pleasant and inspiriting memories. There is something of heroism in being always master enough of oneself to be witty; and therefore the public of to-day feels with Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Allonby much as the public of yesterday felt, in a certain sense, with that traditional villain of melodrama who never laid aside his cigarette and his sardonic smile. The traditional villain had self-control. Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Allonby have self-control and intellect; and to have these things is to have wisdom, whether you obey it or not. "The soul is born old, but grows young. That is the comedy of life. And the body is born young and grows old. That is life's tragedy." Women "worship successes," and "are the laurels to hide their baldness." "Children begin by loving their parents. After a time they judge them. Rarely if ever do they forgive them." And many another epigram, too well known to quote, rings out like the voice of Lear's fool over a mad age. And yet one puts the book down with disappointment. Despite its qualities, it is not a work of art, it has no central fire, it is not dramatic in any ancient sense of the word. The reason is that the tragic and emotional people, the people who are important to the story, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Gerald Arbuthnot, and Hester Worsley, are conventions of the stage. They win our hearts with no visible virtue, and though intended to be charming and good and natural, are really either heady and undistinguished, or morbid with what Mr. Stevenson has called "the impure passion of remorse." The truth is, that whenever Mr. Wilde gets beyond those inspirations of an excellent talker which served him so well in 'The Decay of Lying' and in the best parts of 'Dorian Grey,' he falls back upon the popular conventions, the spectres and shadows of the stage.

W. B. YEATS.

REYNARD THE FOX†

Another English version of Reynard is not superfluous. This one, had it been issued in a less costly form, might have taken hold of the popular imagination—using popular in that limited sense which excludes the many who have no palate save for the stories that reflect exactly the life and tastes of their own time and their own set. There is no version familiar in English households now of this "unholy Bible of the world." Yet it early passed, by Caxton's aid, into the knowledge and affections of our people. Homely *conteurs* and artists spread its fame in chap-books, and monkish sculptors carved its satires on our cathedral stalls. Nursery versions exist, but perhaps for lack of a vivid enough modern translation, it is not one of the books no well-ordered childhood can lack. Reynard, and Bruin, and Chanticleer have passed into our nomenclature of fable, but our later animal stories derive less from it than from Æsop. Those of us who have read it at all—setting aside specialists and scholars—are mostly indebted to Goethe. Indeed some of the best or better known versions—notably Arnold's—are directly translated from the modern German one. With all respect to Goethe, this is a pity, for in using it cleverly for the purposes of his own time, he lost a good deal of the native flavour. Caxton's translation, which is the most charming, is not very accessible, and every translation of that date must be caviare to the general, though to the general "Reynard's" particular qualities—its broad direct humour, its shrewdness, its spirited narrative—if given a modern dress, should not be caviare at all.

The present version is Caxton's put freely into verse. Naylor's version is the only English one that can be compared with Mr. Ellis's. Both have caught the homely spirit of the original, both have something of that rollicking temper which the narrative demands. On the score of directness and alertness, I think Naylor's is still the best on the whole, but there are passages where, for these very qualities, Mr. Ellis leaves his predecessor far behind; and where there is real poetry to be rendered, Mr. Ellis renders it with more distinction. But he embroiders a little too much, and while, very rightly, giving his version a modern turn—a homely colloquial original cannot be translated in a purely antiquarian spirit—he now and again takes the wrong modern note. The worst case is in the verses beginning, "In the Merry Hove-dance," which are reminiscent of Mr. Lear or Mr. Carroll, but, read with the context, seem merely flippant where they should be humorous. Indeed, from the whole section, How the King Held High Feast, with its very elaborate and very conventional description of the music's effect—

> "None can deem the strain too much,
> But saddening when the time is o'er,
> The ravished ear still craves for more,"

we turn with relief to Caxton's simple and charming narrative, "There was daunsed manerly the Louedance with shalmouse, trompettis and alle maner of menestralsye / . . . . Mete and drynke flowde there / Ther weere playes and esbatemens / The feest was ful of melodye / One myghte have luste to se such a feeste."

But Mr. Ellis can write excellently vivacious verse, as this average specimen may prove:

> "So reached he to the deeming place
> With virtue written on his face,
> And standing there before the King,
> Cried with loud voice, 'May sorrow's sting
> Fall on my devoted pate
> Unless I me exonerate
> Of all the crimes and murders foul
> Which villains charge against my soul.
> . . . . . .
> Listen not, monarch of the woods,
> To all the false unlikelihoods
> Whereby my unrelenting foes
> Would cast one in death's bitter throes,
> Through the world there breathes no man,
> Whatso may be his tribe and clan,
> Who'd stand with thee 'gainst Fortune's shocks
> Like thy tried friend, old Reynard Fox."

It does not need a scholarly interest to read his lively version right on to the end.

Mr. Ellis's book has no learned preface—a peculiarity in an age when the editor is rampant. It rejoiced one's heart at first to see that this was so, prefaces so often taking the edge off appetite. But on second thoughts the benefit was not so clear. After all the epic has an interesting, if a terribly complicated history, and a good deal more is known of it since any English *compte rendu* of importance has appeared. Arnold's preface, for instance, though reprinted lately, had probably been little revised since it was written—somewhere in the fifties. Nothing so thorough and so long-winded as M. Sudre's 'Sources du Roman de Renart' was wanted, but something on the model of M. Poitvin's introduction—to a very poor translation, by-the-bye—would have been convenient for the ignorant and the curious, and need not have taken away from the æsthetic value of the book.

This brings us to the last point. A beautiful specimen of the work of the Chiswick Press, with charming devices by Mr. Crane, and bound austerely but satisfactorily, it is a delightful book to possess. And it will not be valued merely for its external merits.

* 'A Woman of no Importance.' By Oscar Wilde. (John Lane.)

† 'The History of Reynard the Fox, his Family, Friends, and Associates, with glossarial notes in vulpine verse, and an Index Summary of chief matters contained in the story.' Written by F. S. Ellis. Device by Walter Crane. (Nutt.)

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.*

Dr. Bruce gives us in this volume a substantial instalment of what bids fair to be a complete and thorough New Testament Theology. Nearly a third of the space is occupied with an analysis of the four great epistles. This separation of these epistles from the rest is a needless concession to traditional criticism. Why should Dr. Bruce tie himself by a tradition which Baur's own followers repudiate? He loses by doing so. These epistles are ingeniously, perhaps too ingeniously grouped in accordance with the progress of the great debate, so that the three great questions respecting the law, the apostolate, and the election of Israel are treated respectively in the Epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans. This guiding idea involves some little violence to the first chapters of Galatians, and also implies that the three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, which are usually considered almost parenthetical, are really the burden of the whole letter.

In expounding the thought of the Apostle Dr. Bruce, as usual, shows himself a thoroughly competent exegete, combining width of view with insight and watchfulness of detail, and while perfectly maintaining his own independence able to estimate and use what others have contributed to the comprehension of his theme. The usual topics of Pauline theology are discussed; sin being properly allotted to the first place, and this being followed by a treatment of the righteousness of God. Dr. Bruce, while holding that a development in the theology of St. Paul was quite possible, maintains that there is no evidence of such growth. He believes that his theology was to an unusual extent the outgrowth of his experience, and accordingly spends much care on his account of the conversion. This is admirably delineated. On two points we could have wished fuller treatment by so competent a guide; the objectivity of the vision, and the Jewish sources of the Apostle's theology. For what Dr. Bruce has given us we are thankful. His book is more likely to interest the student in St. Paul's writings than any hitherto published, and there is nothing to repel, but on the contrary everything to attract the lay reader.

M. DODS.

THE STORY OF A THRONE.†

M. Waliszewski gave us the result of his researches artistically shaped in his former book, 'The Romance of an Empress.' His purpose, whatever it may have been at the outset, resolved itself finally into a study of a human character placed in such a position as gave perfect freedom to the indulgence of instincts and caprice. To the psychologist the book is of keen interest; to the mere general reader, fascinating. The student of history waits doubtfully till he has had time to verify all M. Waliszewski's many facts and stories, before giving his verdict as to accuracy of detail, and the verdict may not be ready yet awhile, for M. Waliszewski has made this period of history specially his own, and writing for the general reader or the student of human nature, he has hardly given any references at all, either in this book or his former one. There his judgment has been at fault. Serious persons call history without notes and exact references mere gossip. But gossip drawn from the most widely different sources has built up a picture in the writer's mind of the kind of woman Catherine was; and as certainly no one has taken such pains to study her before, so as certainly, it will not be a few errors of detail discovered by commentators that will give that picture the lie. The recognition of the endless caprice of Catherine, the complexity of her nature, her double motives, her contradictory desires, which made the task of painting her so hard, saved her biographer from the perils of conventionality and of hasty judgment, and has made a cut-and-dry, conventional account henceforward impossible.

'The Story of a Throne,' supplementary to the other work, is not nearly so artistic as a whole, but is of great miscellaneous interest. The author was quite right to empty his note-books into a separate book. The men that appeared in the Empress's setting are now treated individually, the statesmen, the favourites, the generals, the foreign visitors, the philosophers. The career of each, so far as it touched Catherine's, is a romance, or a farce, or a tragedy. Read the lives of Panin, of Patiomkin, of Orlof, if you wish to learn the chaos that can exist at the centre of a great empire. The stories of the Imperial favour to Grimm, Voltaire, Diderot, Falconet, painful, amusing, exasperating, and edifying, are a valuable commentary on the state patronage of great men. And yet again, they are perhaps a commentary on nothing at all save the caprices of this fascinating mountebank, this philosophic vagabond, the lawless tyrant of undoubted genius known as Catherine the Great. Well known as is the story of her relations to the French revolutionary thinkers, it is the section treating of these that will be read with greatest interest, for it is told here with an absence of bias or of animus, with a knowledge of the strange mind of the patron as well as of the philosophers. He has pierced through eulogy and ridicule alike, and the result is probably near the truth. We feel Catherine in some moods would have dearly liked to read M. Waliszewski. The best chapter of the section is that on Diderot—that impossible courtier. His independence, timidity, and want of *savoir faire* is well described in this story; so is Catherine's occasional magnificent scornful honesty. "One day, as he is declaiming, in his customary way, against courtiers and flatterers, he declares that hell, if there is one, ought to reserve a particularly horrible corner for such vile and infamous beings. She interrupts him with the question, 'What do they say in Paris about the death of my husband?' He remains for an instant dumfounded; then, without replying to the question, he launches into a dissertation on the necessities sometimes imposed on those whose exalted rank gives them the charge of souls. She interrupts him again: 'It seems to me that you are already on your way, if not to hell, at all events to purgatory.'"

Brightness is always suspect in a book of history, and M. Waliszewski stands condemned by that delightful quality and his lack of references. But readers cannot fail him, and if these find in his pages only a record of gossip and scandal they may have taken away all they were capable of, but they have missed the best of the entertainment.

NOVEL NOTES.

NEIGHBOURS OF OURS. By Henry W. Nevinson. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith).

Mr. Nevinson has written the answer, or perhaps, rather the supplement to Mr. Morrison's 'Tales of Mean Streets.' Shadwell is not a pleasant background for human beings, and tenants were admitted to Millennium Buildings who were not models of all the virtues. Their chronicles, as set down by one of themselves in a modified Cockney, touch crime at several points; cruelty, rowdyism and squalor, are referred to with that equal want of emphasis and apology which is sincerity's best evidence. There is nothing very pretty or directly improving in the stories, and heroism is mostly testified to by nothing grander than good temper. The district visitor has been about, you can see, and the board school has done its part; philanthropists have had their eye on the district; and the acknowledgment appears in a humorous and amiable cynicism in which lies a fund of instruction if it be rightly looked at. What gives the book its individual quality is the evidence it bears on every page that the saving, wholesome facts of humour and high spirits and kindliness are not to be killed by the grimiest of atmospheres or by the squalidest suffering. That Jacko the chronicler was a humourist and of a hopeful temperament, does not vitiate his record, for he has given portraits of folks we believe in and are friends with—the Aristocrat of Labour, who liked "a pleasin' variety: fust a little sport, then a little work, and then a little sport again;" Little Scotty, grandson of the religious Mrs. Macrae and inimitable mimic, drawn inevitably to his honourable and amusing career on the Music Hall stage; Ned, the victim of an accident in Camp that deprived him of his sight; and Lina, the frivolous young woman, with the mountebank talents and the kind heart, who thus offers the blind Ned her hand and her earnings—"I always did say as the man

* 'St. Paul's Conception of Christianity.' By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

† 'The Story of a Throne, (Catherine II. of Russia.)' From the French of K. Waliszewski. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

for me must be 'ard as pavin'-stones. Ned, a pavin'-stone's no 'arder nor a feather bed alongside of you." Ned's reply, given as the half-way stage to grateful acceptance, is couched in the same kind of occult flattery—"Yer a good girl, there ain't no question. . . . But, O Lina, yer ain't just the same thing as the British Army." There is doubtless enough to feed despair on in the East End But Mr. Nevinson is right too in his testimony to the persistency of laughter and kindliness; and we thank him for the humour and the good humour of his book.

CASTLE RACKRENT AND THE ABSENTEE. By Maria Edgeworth. Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. By Captain Marryat. Introduction by David Hannay.
Illustrated Standard Novels. 3s. 6d. each. (Macmillan.)

The new series begins well. We might wish the print a little larger, but no other complaint is justified. The introducers, Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Hannay, have done their part very pleasantly, taking exactly the tone that persuades us willingly to renew an acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth and Captain Marryat. The illustrations—in the first volume by Chris Hammond, in the second by H. M. Brock—are abundant and really excellent. The series evidently means to deserve popularity. Galt, Borrow, and Susan Ferrier are on its list, and we have not too many good editions of these.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. By Grant Allen. Keynotes Series. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

"Written . . . . for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and conscience." So runs a prefatory inscription to this story, which has been looked forward to with some curiosity. The word "taste" puzzles us, unless we run it into the next substantive, "conscience," and give it a purely moral significance. We take it this story was not written to satisfy Mr. Allen's artistic conscience. It is of the pamphlet order, a tract for the times, using the popular means of illustration—dialogue and anecdote. At his peril does a tract writer exemplify his principles by real, living, complicated human beings. It is more convenient to dress up models of abstractions, pull strings to make them move in the proper direction, chop up theories into fairly short paragraphs, and ventriloquise these into and out of the mouths of the dummies that fall limp and mute when he lets them out of hand. Therefore, if we may be allowed to regard the book merely as a tract, we shall not quarrel much with the fact that Herminia Barton, the 'Woman Who Did,' is not, till the last act, at least, a woman at all. She is an automaton used for an object lesson. She is the answers to the questions in the Catechism of the Ideal Dissoluble Marriage of the Future. Mr. Allen has another purpose in view than the creation of a personality, and he seeks success outside the bounds of creative literature. Yet we are interested in certain facts related of that beautiful theory-casket, Herminia, and not so inconsistently either, for we want to know whether they support the final purpose of the book. 'The Woman Who Did,' at twenty-two, has formulated a daring revolutionary scheme of life, which pre-supposes a knowledge of good and evil that would seem comprehensive enough in any human being of forty. Is Mr. Allen right? Does the modern young woman justify his citing Herminia as even an extreme type? All our experience goes to deny it, and we were just going to condemn, when we remembered that, for ulterior purposes, she has to talk, and expound, and utter a great many uncompromising generalities; she has to put the case with burning eloquence. "You forget," she says, "it is the outcome of my life's philosophy." A life's philosophy at twenty-two! The very absurdity puts Mr. Allen in the right. The high-flown simplicity of her lengthy discourses stamps her with youth. She would have been so much less a cock-sure exponent at forty, and so much less fitted, therefore, to illustrate the tract. Genuine human interest awakes in the last act, where Herminia is deserted and reviled—with a crude barbarity, however, not very probable—by her daughter. The only free child born into the world thinks her freedom disreputable. Mr. Allen here touches fact. Those who lead the race—grant for the moment Herminia's leadership—to greater liberty, not unseldom drive their children according to the flesh into vulgar reaction.

Now for the pamphlet. Its purpose is to describe an ideal union for men and women, where love and respect shall be the only bonds of permanence. There are no ugly suggestions to attract the baser kind of reader. It is a perfectly straightforward, serious book, written in a more obviously instructive tone than we have been accustomed to since our perusal of the religious fiction put into our hands in youth. Mr. Allen says good and true things in it; and, indeed, he never wrote a book—even those that have not satisfied his conscience—whose final purpose was not a generous one. But he has not advanced his end by a step. He shirks the whole difficulty. The permanence and experiences of such a union he refuses to test, killing the man before it is a year old. And in great things and small he betrays a strange misunderstanding of human nature. He has our experience in revolt at every turn. To take a small matter—his impression that Girton girls think and talk of "nothing else on earth except Herodotus, trigonometry, and the higher culture," is harmlessly absurd; but it is one of many evidences of superficial observation. Such an appalling generality as "All honest art is of necessity pessimistic," is, perhaps, harmless too, and also superficial. But his glorification of the mere brute instinct of mating, and his denial of the worth of those in whom it is repressed till it is tempered and ennobled by a sense of the responsibilities of life, is a senseless and shallow slander of human nature. In this one point, 'The Woman Who Did,' an entirely unconvincing but honest book, is calculated to do not a little harm.

ONE OF LIFE'S SLAVES. By Jonas Lie. Translated by Jessie Muir. (Hodder Bros.)

This is a translation which can be read without irritation. It is written in an English that does not obscure the strength of the original. And the story is worth a good translation. If not a great novel, it just misses greatness. True, logical, restrained, it is admirable as a work of art. Nikolai, the slave, is a wronged, unhappy being all his life, but he is never sentimentalized over. He is no weakling, having the grit and energy to raise himself out of contempt and poverty to an honourable position. The faculties that make for success in life are his, perseverance, frugality, and will. But an outcast from his birth, something within him is at war with the world, and the world forces a contest from which he comes out a criminal. As a chained felon he sums up the situation. "Either the world ought to go to prison or I ought, and I suppose it may as well be the last." It takes genius to make a tragedy out of the simple materials used in 'Livsslaven.' Every incident, and every character must win a reader's acquiescence. If greatness be denied, it is on the score of an unbeautiful homeliness somewhat characteristic of Norwegian novels of provincial life.

A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND. By Herbert Compton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Selwyn Fyveways, by the machinations of his wicked kinsmen and a Jesuit priest, was kept out of his own—his own being a baronetage and a goodly mansion, Fyveways Hall, in the county of Gloucester. As his dispossession cast a stain on his mother's honour, Selwyn's case was a very hard one. In a scrimmage with his usurping kinsman's son and the priest, he gave a blow which made flight his only safety, fell into evil hands, and was trepanned for the East India service; then by his pluck and wit fought his way through mountains of difficult adventure to great fortune, found a witness to his mother's marriage, and bought back Fyveways. It is a fine story, told with humour and spirit, and containing passages of uncommon merit. The scene in the crimping-house struck us with most admiration, though other readers may find Selwyn's adventures as King of Soolemanpoor more exciting. The Jesuit priest is the blot on the invention. He has been used so often for this purpose that we are either tired of him or inclined to take his side.

MADAME SANS-GENE. By Edmund Lepelletier. Translated by J. A. J. de Villiers. 3s. 6d. (Chatto).

MM. Sardou and Moreau's well-known play is the foundation of M. Lepelletier's romance. Filling up the ellipses of a drama doesn't seem a very good way of writing a novel, and this one is weak enough in construction. But there

are decidedly interesting personages in it, and they keep up our interest fairly well to the end. In the company of Madame Sans-Gêne, alike charming as laundress, as *vivandière*, and as Duchess, we cannot soon weary, though from her terser utterances and more dramatic appearances she is a more living woman in the play. One scene in particular strikes us as weak, and founded on a delightfully humorous situation, strength should have been concentrated on it—the scene where the Emperor calls the Duchess of Dantzic before him to rate her for her outspoken and uncourtly manners, which are causing scandal in the palace, and when she forces him to draw her on to a conversation in which she discloses the wound she received in action, and finally demands payment for the long-due washing-bill of a certain poor artillery officer called Napoleon Bonaparte. All through you have a feeling this fine situation is being spoilt. But the book contrives to be interesting, if never very clever and not at all dramatic; and the translator has done his part creditably.

SOME MEN ARE SUCH GENTLEMEN. By Arabella Kenealy. (Digby, Long.)

Miss Kenealy writes with such vivacity and vigour that she makes us overlook very willingly many improbabilities in her story, and even forgive her clumsy title and the dissertation in the second chapter. She has written a pretty romance, and while piling up the romantic circumstances she very rarely parts company with good sense. The decayed Manor House, with its family portraits and its old costumes, its rats and its half-starving human inmates, is a fascinating background for a heroine. And, not only when she masquerades in mediæval garments and makes company of the old portraits, is she a fitting heroine for such surroundings. The story how her loyalty and her sense of family obligations were cruelly taken advantage of by the man who played the gentlemanly joke of acting an innocent fugitive from law, may be improbable. It is, however, the important part of a lively and a pathetic romance, and perhaps reveals better than most other incidents would have done, the independent, chivalrous, and generous nature of Lois. Miss Kenealy has distinct merits as a story-teller which one hopes may receive due recognition.

THE CRIMSON SIGN. By S. R. Keightley. (Hutchinson.)

One of a very numerous class, and nowhere showing any special feature of its own, Mr. Keightley's story continues a very respectable tradition with great credit. We all like this particular kind of the adventure story—if we like adventure stories at all. The hero is always a gentleman, and his history invariably very gentlemanly. But his hard, out-of-door, fighting life prevents him from being a prig, and the chapter or two where it seems just possible his love may not be rewarded, give us cause for real sympathetic anxiety. Gervase Orme must have been a fine fellow, though we know him only distantly even after all his plucky and chivalrous deeds, for Mr. Keightley is a better hand at describing things and events than presenting living persons. The Vicomte is more alive to our minds, and for that reason, or perhaps because of our unconquerable preference for a hero with a wild past, we like him better. About much of this story of the struggle between James's troops and William's in Ireland, the most exciting scenes of which are laid during the siege of Derry, there is a spirited, gallant air. Mr. Keightley's next venture should be looked for with some eagerness by boys and young persons of all ages.

THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI. By S. Levett Yeats. (S. Low.)

'The Honour of Savelli' is a romance inspired by a loving perusal of Dumas. The writer—who has already made a creditable reputation by his Indian stories—acknowledges this, and indeed the form and order of his plot and incidents remind us many a time of certain stages in the history of the famous Gascon adventurer. What Dumas's imitators cannot catch is his wit. But it is ungrateful to make a comparison, for Mr. Levett Yeats has written an excellent story. He has picked out a suitable epoch of history, which admits not only of the introduction of such interesting personages as Machiavelli, the Borgias, and the Chevalier Bayard, but which, faction being rife and plots and counterplots the order of the day in Florence and Rome, presents abundance of perilous errands for the brave Savelli to be entrusted with. There are commonplace passages—the particular accusation which unjustly disgraced the hero at the beginning does not content us; and there are improbable ones—notably his failure, in spite of abundant opportunity, to see through the disguise of Madame D'Entrangues. Nevertheless Mr. Yeats, though shaky as yet on his new ground, has written a stirring and spirited story which we have read with interest to the end.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PATRICIAN CLUB. By Albert D. Vandam. (Chapman.)

This successful detective mystery has novel elements in it, which compensate for the disadvantages of its length. The detective—Mr. Jasper Davenport, professionally—has peculiar qualifications for unravelling a patrician mystery of any sort, for he is of the order himself, his alias having been adopted after his own good name was ruined by an arch-villain. To the detection of the particular crime he brings not only rare skill, a knowledge of the aristocratic world, but the thirst for vengeance; with incredible swiftness of inference he puts his fingers on the member of the Patrician Club who killed the waiter, and, lo! it is his own old enemy. All the secret history of the villain and his family is known or accessible to him, and if this take away from his detective skill, it does not detract from the interest of a complicated, well-woven story, the details of which it would not be friendly to reveal.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SELECTIONS FROM THOREAU. Edited by H. S. Salt. (Macmillan.)

Thoreau is not wronged by selection, and if Mr. Salt's well-chosen extracts had included a few of his letters and some of his eccentric and forcible verse, it would have been adequately representative. These may be thought unimportant omissions, judging Thoreau from merely a literary point of view, but everybody's interest in Thoreau is as much human as literary. For the rest we have nothing but praise for this new volume of the Eversley Series, and we would specially call attention to the portrait, the best that has appeared in England at least, and the best supplement or commentary to his works that could be imagined. Uncouthness and subtlety, obstinacy and refinement never dwelt together so closely on any other face.

THE LEGEND OF LOHENGRIN. By Will Foster. 5s. (Unwin.)

Tennyson's 'Idylls' have been Mr. Foster's model in his version of 'Lohengrin.' Of his model there are clear traces in virtues and defects. It is a poem of elevated tone; the subject is treated with dignity, and the diction has much sweetness. But it echoes merely modern sentiments, and there is a want of robustness about some portions that verges on the maudlin. Of the shorter poems in the volume the few quatrains are the best. Mr. Foster's tendency to write merely pretty gentle sentiments in melodious stanzas is visible there, too, but the expression is terse, and they give the feeling that the intention is fulfilled. In a difficult kind of verse this counsel of Nature to her Admirers must count for success—

> "Too much upon the beauties of my dress,
> With words of courtly wonderment, ye gaze;
> If ye would know my very loveliness,
> Look with a lover's eyes into my face."

Mr. Foster's poems have a pleasant ring. There are no forced notes, and if they have little depth they have also little harshness.

THE MELANCHOLY OF STEPHEN ALLARD. A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Stephen Allard escaped out of the drudgery of working life for a year, to "take sanctuary among the hills," his purpose being to review life, and judge of its possibilities and vanities, in peace and at leisure. He sets about his task with great method, setting down *seriatim* all the accu-

sations against life and examining them, and afterwards the remedies and consolations that have been suggested, and examining these in their turn. He comes to no satisfactory conclusion, though his investigation of authorities on melancholy has been lengthy and fairly thorough. But to prevent his disappointment at having to go back to the world before he has gained a comforting creed, Death mercifully takes him. Allard's own reflections are not of much value, and probably he was not the man to get wholesome value out of mountain solitudes. The gift of being healthy in solitude is rare. There is pessimism and pessimism, and one kind verily enjoys the struggle of life, sniffs the battle and grimly rejoices. This fighting note is not Allard's. He was a gentle, well-mannered, well-read young man with a sensitive soul, and we are glad Death soon took him out of the distasteful turmoil. But if he is not helpful as a counsellor or consoler, he is an excellent guide to the literature of melancholy. Had he read a little less of it he might have been the happier, but his loss may be the gain of some robuster souls.

A CENTURY OF GERMAN LYRICS. Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann).

Madame Kroeker's are so very much above the ordinary level of translations of lyric verse that one would like to speak only good of them. Some of her versions of her father's poems are particularly graceful, and Muller, Lenau, and Groth she has rendered with much skill and poetical insight. But she has allowed herself occasionally too much freedom in the interpretation, and sometimes her pretty poems do not by any means reflect the meaning of the original. And, of course, she has attempted the impossible. It has been demonstrated by hundreds of failures that Heine is untranslateable. That she can do better than most, with Heine, or any other, has not prevented her from being, presumably, content with such a verse as—

"Dost know the old, old story?
It sounds so sweet, so sad to tell—
Both were obliged to perish,
They loved each other too well."

But the little volume is, on the whole, so good that those who cannot read German may get a very fair idea from it of the compass and tone of modern German lyrical poetry.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. (Oxford University Press.)

SCOTT'S POEMS. Edited and selected by Andrew Lang. Vol. I. 5s. Dryburgh Edition. (Black.)

We fail to see why Mr. Lang's edition should not be a complete one. He says in his preface, "Something had to go." Why? Nothing "had to go" from this excellent edition of the novels. On this ground, as on the ground of convenience and wieldiness, the "Dryburgh" must give way to the other edition. Mr. Logie Robertson is a careful editor, and Lockhart has been severely revised by him. His own supplementary note to Scott and Lockhart are intelligent and helpful. In its luxurious form printed on India paper, and uniform with the one-volume Shakespeare issued by the same house, it makes about as delightful an edition of Scott as could be imagined. Still, in the other there is a charming essay of Mr. Lang's on Scott's genius. Mr. Lang contrives to make it not at all superfluous. And in very much condensing Scott's notes, adding fresh information on antiquarian subjects, where necessary, there is no fault to be found. Scott's notes are easily accessible, and Mr. Lang's versions of them are pithy and practical.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND OBSERVANCES: their Origin and Signification. By Leopold Wagner. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Wagner's book may be described as selections from an encyclopædia, grouped according to subjects. It is perhaps possible to see on what plan the subjects have been chosen; they fall into the following groups:—Regal and Ecclesiastical; Naval and Military; Legal and Parliamentary; Civic and Social; Courtship and Marriage; Death and Burial; Amusements of the People; Patron Saints and their Attributes; Festivals of the Church; Jewish Feasts and Festivals; Secular Observances. But it is not so easy to see on what ground the obvious omissions have been made. Probably limits of space explain them. And, at all events, Mr. Wagner has given us a great deal of curious information. Any man desirous of solitude will find Mr. Wagner his best friend. He has only to commit to memory and utter a few passages, such as, "Dressing for dinner is a custom handed down to us by the Romans, who put on a loose robe of light texture, and generally white, before sitting down to the most important meal of the day"; or "The Roast Beef of Old England still enters most conspicuously into our Christmas dinner fare. It will doubtless be news to many to learn that the object of serving it up at this season was really to remind our forefathers of the bulls sacrificed by the Druids when the sacred mistletoe was cut," or "The Game of Marbles, so popular in its due season among boys, was originally an imitation—" But here his purpose will have been fulfilled. He will be alone. There are many other useful ends this excellent book will serve, but we have felt it right to call attention to an important if less obvious one.

THE LYRIC POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by Ernest Rhys. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This volume is one of a very pretty series. Selections from Spenser have already appeared in it, and the utterances of Spenser and other poets in praise of their own art, made a fitting introduction. Burns seems an unlikely kind of subject for such dainty treatment, it is true, when one has 'Tam o' Shanter' in mind, but then again elegance cannot be out of place in the cover that contains "Gae fetch to me," and "O a' the airts"—though Mr. Rhys, by-the-bye, has not sought after mere prettiness in his selection of the lyrics, which is a robust and representative one. His brief notes, intelligently placed close to the poems they refer to, are a good point, and he has skilfully refrained from saying the too obvious things in his introduction. To return to the externals of the series—the least satisfactory feature is the head and tail-piece designs. In these prettiness has degenerated into mere insipidity.

THE ANCOATS SKYLARK, and other Verses. By W. E. A. Axon. (Heywood.)

The peculiarity of this modest book is that the homeliest and least ambitious verse in it is not the best. 'The Ancoats Skylark,' and other pieces descriptive of humble life, we can only declare to be sincere in intention; they have no power to touch us. As for the others, if they are not quite successful they have some good stuff and a clear design in them. Many are suggested by books, or incidents in books, and they show an unmistakeably warm appreciation of the human side of literature. The best are translations. Mr. Axon is specially attracted by epigrams or pithy sayings in verse, and from many poets, ancient and modern, and of all countries, he has culled these and done them into English. The best is 'Benevolence and Gratitude,' imitated from the "Senilia," of Tourgenieff. He has put together a book of poetical exercises rather than a book of poetry, but at least he has furnished it with matter, if inspiration was beyond his power.

MODERN JOURNALISM. By J. B. Mackie. 2s. (Crosby Lockwood.)

Its purpose should be kept in mind in giving judgment on this book. The journalist who has been some time in Fleet Street and has not yet made his way, has little to learn from it. It is written for the young outsider, to whom journalism is something vaguely connected with using his pen. All that Mr. Mackie does is to tell him what journalism is, what a newspaper is, and what goes on inside a newspaper office. He states hard facts, describes routine, names the work rather than the qualifications; and if the result be to turn some young minds bent on literature away from the prospect, it will be a good one. There are sure to be many wrecks in a career which demands so much grit and such a capacity for drudgery; but the fewer the better. Within its narrow limits the book is practical and conscientious. Perhaps a chapter on a young man's literary training for the profession might have been added.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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ARISTOTLE.—Ethics for Pass Men, by W. G. Pogson Smith, 2/- net Blackwell
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[*See p.* 178.]
BENSON, Rev. R. M.—The Final Passover, a Series of Meditations, vol. 2, part 1, 5/- Longmans
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[*Sermons preached December, 1894, on behalf of the Christian Social Union, by Canon Wilberforce, Canon Scott Holland, Prebendary Eyton, the Dean of Ely, and Dr. T. C. Fry. Their object is to make clear that Christians "hold the faith as a social, no less than as an individual, Gospel."*]
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[*See p.* 186.]
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BIRMINGHAM.

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2. Hope: The God in the Car.
3. Besant: Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.
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4. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. Besant. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. Castle Rackrent. Edgeworth. New ed. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan).

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3. The Tale of Chloe, and other Stories. By George Meredith. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
4. Castle Rackrent and the Absentee. By Maria Edgeworth. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. The God in the Car. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen & Co.)
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Pall Mall Mag., Sept., 1894.

JAS. BELL, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.
Drummond's Jewish Messiah.

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Finch's English Law of Contract.
Round the World, part 2.
Marshall and Hurst's Zoology.
Key to Hamblin Smith's Statics and Hydrostatics.
Cosmopolitan Mag., Jan., 1895.
Speight's Geology of North-West Yorkshire.

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(Illustration on p. 3.)

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(Illustration on p. 3.)

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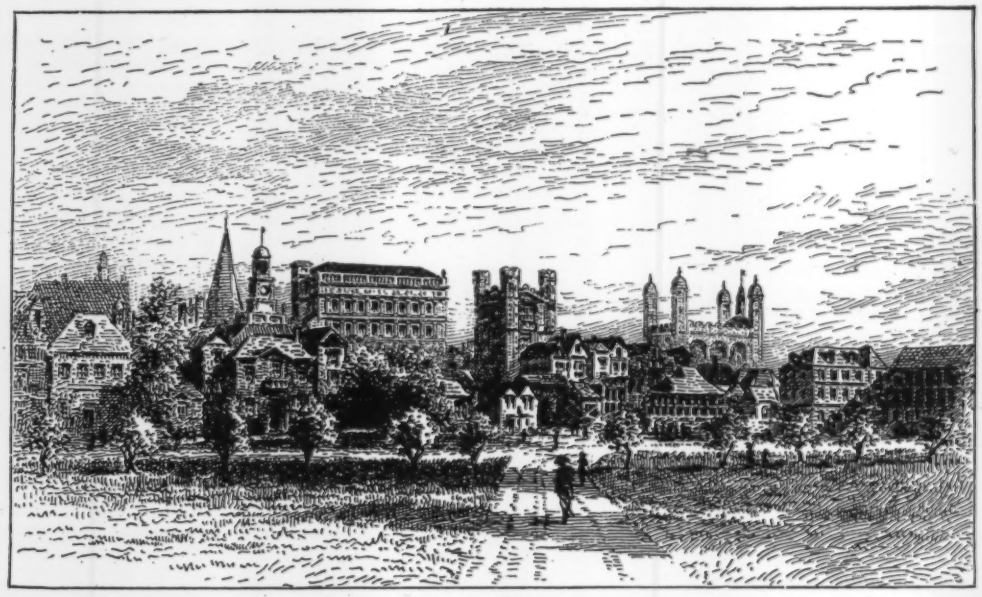

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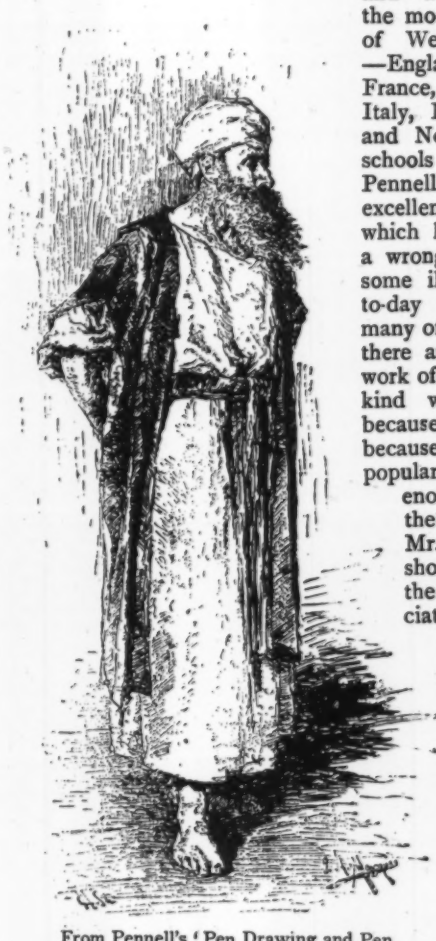

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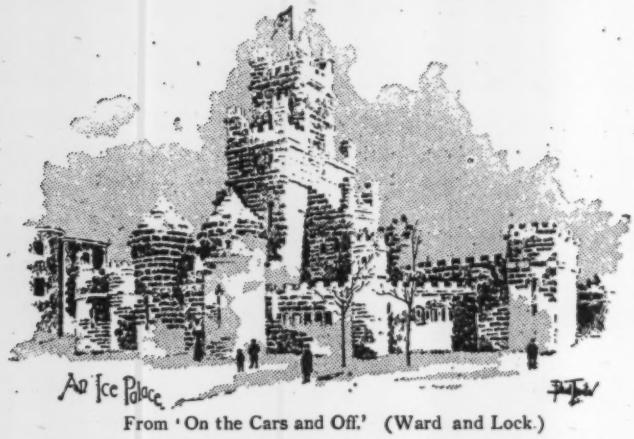

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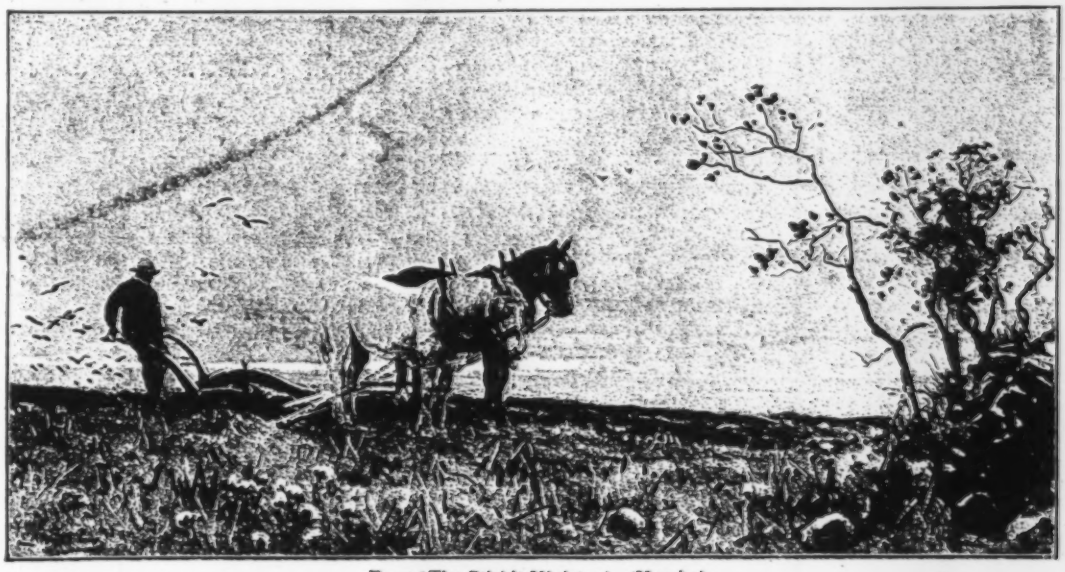

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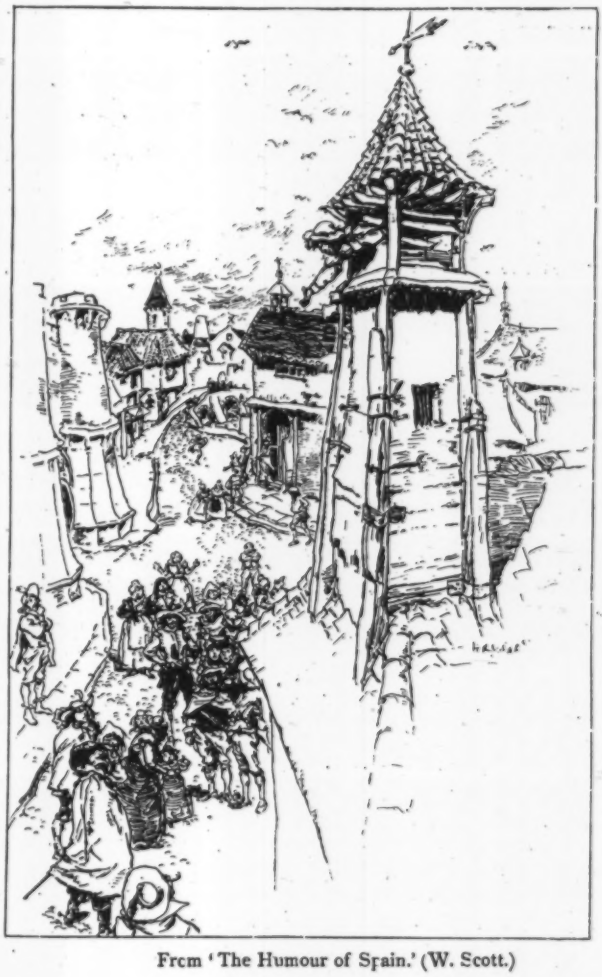

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(See p. 11.)

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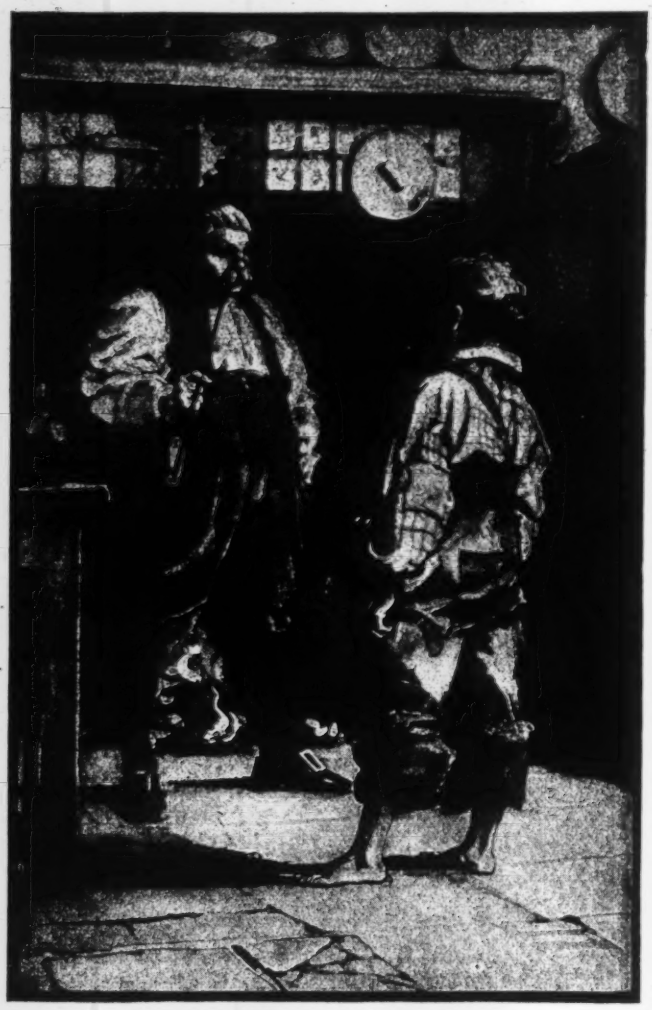

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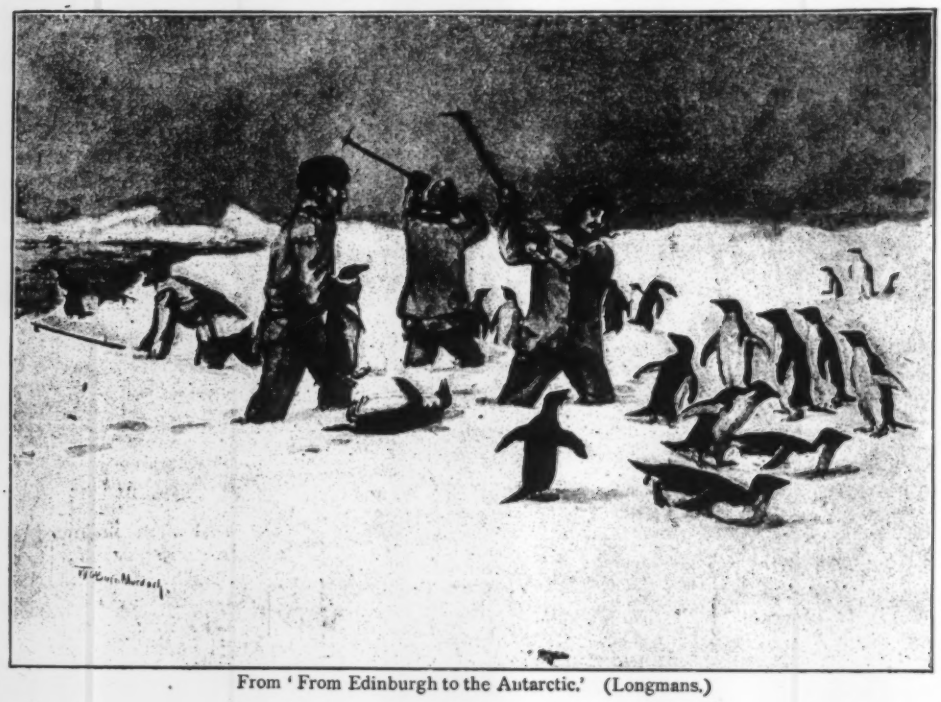

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